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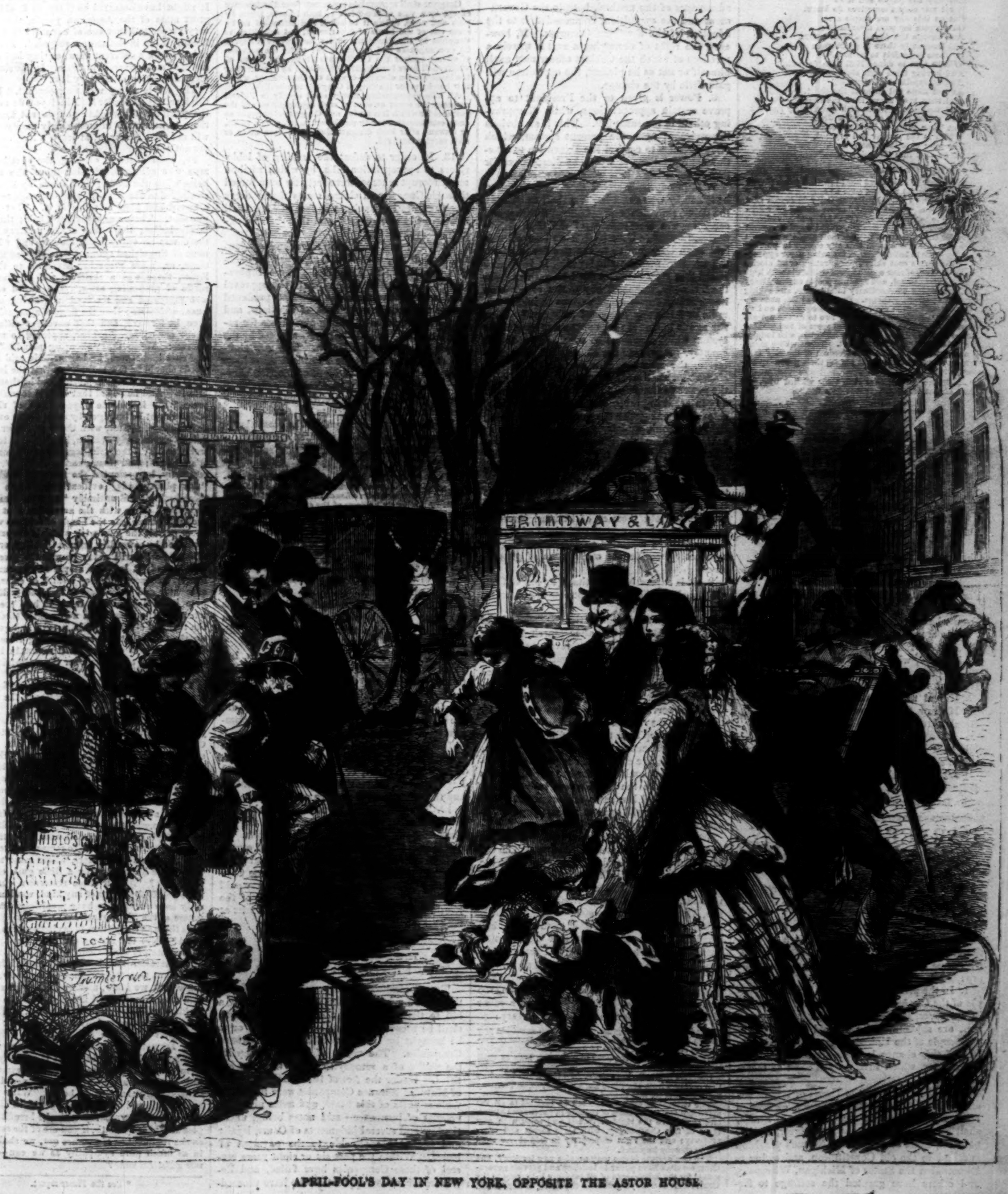

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY IN NEW YORK, OPPOSITE THE ASTOR HOUSE.

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY.

We publish on the preceding page a picture of the morning of the 1st April, opposite the Astor House, on the Park, in New York City. Some of the personages in the picture are enjoying the usual frolics of the day.

The origin of this fool-making custom, like that of many other of our oldest customs, is involved in considerable doubt and uncertainty. It prevails, besides in this country, in Scotland, Germany, Sweden, and France—in which latter place the victims of the jokes are styled *poissons d'Avril*, or April fishes. But in none of these countries is its origin reasonably explained. Some suppose it to be derived from the abduction of the Sabine women by the Romans under Romulus, at the feast in honor of Neptune, which occurred on the 1st of April; others trace it from the mockery of our Saviour by the Jews; while still others ascribe it to the act of old father Noah, in sending out the dove from the ark before the waters of the deluge had subsided.

The following extract from an old poem will certify to the antiquity of the custom:

> "The first of April some do say
> Is set apart for All-Fools' Day;
> But why the people call it so
> Nor I nor they themselves do know.
> But on this day are people sent
> On purpose for pure merriment;
> And though the day is known before,
> Yet frequently there is great store
> Of these forgetfuls to be found,
> Who're sent to dance Moll Dixon's round;
> And having tried each shop and stall,
> And disappointed at them all,
> At last some tell them of the cheat,
> And then they hurry from the street,
> And straightway home with shame they run,
> And others laugh at what is done.
> But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
> Which is the greater fool reputed,
> The man that innocently went;
> Or he that him design'dly sent.")

A city reporter says

> "The number of tricks and hard practical jokes played upon unsophisticated persons, such as sending Jimmy for a bottle of 'stirrup oil,' dispatching Betty in search of a pint and a half of 'pigeon's milk,' or requesting your illiterate friend to buy you a copy of the 'Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother,' in the Bowery, would require several volumes for their description. The most common methods of fooling people practiced in this city consist in pinning endless rag-tails to ladies' dresses, fastening paper appendages to the men's coat skirts, perpetrating cruel stories about the arrival of rich cousins from California with bags of the auriferous metal, and sending people extraordinary letters, containing extraordinary intelligence, and asking the most extraordinary things. Sometimes these nonsensical jokes result in the most serious consequences, and we have known 'pistols and coffee' for two to be the not unfrequent *dénouement*. Latterly the sport of fool making is confined principally to little boys and girls, who indulge in a regular carnival of merriment. Those whose mammas and papas allow them 'the freedom of the city' kick up a most beautiful excitement among their grown-up superiors, while
>
> "——in-door young ones club their wicked wits,
> And almost frighten servants into fits."

In Memoriam.

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

Obit February 4, 1861.

Oh, wistful eyes! that will not cease
From gazing sadly after one
Who went out in the dark, alone—
Although ye say, "He is at peace!"

Oh, hearts! that will not turn away,
But questioning, linger at the door;
He passeth through it—never more!
For he hath reached the perfect day.

Even when we thought him most our own
His crown was ready for his brow;
And he redeemed his early vow,
And passed, with all his armor on.

He bent to clasp a shadowy hand—
Unreal to our duller eyes;
He saw the gleams of paradise
Break through the twilight of the land!

His gain o'ermeasureth our loss;
We linger on these barren sands—
He is a dweller in the lands
Bequeathed the followers of the cross!

St. Louis, Missouri, *March*, 1861. L. C. R.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 30, 1861.

THE TWO CONSTITUTIONS.

The Constitution of the Southern Confederacy has been published. It is a copy of the original Constitution of the United States, with some variations. The principal variations are:

1. In the preamble, the words "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character," etc., are substituted for the old words, "We, the people of the United States," etc. The object of this change is to assert separate State sovereignty, which involves the right of secession at will.

2. In the article on the House of Representatives, it is stated that "no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote for any officer, civil or political, State or Federal." No such provision is found in the old Constitution, and owing to its omission the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and others have granted the suffrage to foreigners before naturalization. It was to guard against this abuse that the new proviso was adopted. If the Confederate States do not extend their borders the proviso will prove unnecessary.

3. In the section on the apportionment of Representatives, the word "slaves" is substituted for the old expression, "other persons;" and it is stated that representation shall be in the ratio of not more than one Representative to every 50,000, instead of 30,000, as fixed in our Constitution.

4. The proviso of the old Constitution requiring Senators to have been nine years citizens is omitted in the Constitution of the Confederate States.

5. The new Constitution states that "Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures pertaining to his department." This is borrowed from the British system. In England, ministers must be members of one or other House, and are expected to defend their policy in person. The obvious advantages of the method, both to the Government and the opposition, commended it to the adoption of the Southern Congress. If, however, the right of occupying a seat is merely a privilege of which the Cabinet officer may avail himself or not as he pleases, the opposition will gain little by the change.

6. Power is given to the President to approve certain appropriations, while disapproving others in the same bill. This is an obvious improvement upon the present system, which often operates to compel the Executive to sanction appropriations of which he disapproves for fear of defeating others which are necessary.

7. It is expressly stated that the revenue to be raised by taxes and imports shall be "to pay the debts, provide for the common defense, and carry on the Government of the Confederate States." In our Constitution no restriction is laid upon Congress as to the manner in which the revenue may be employed. It is further stated that "no bounties shall be granted from the Treasury, nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry." Thus the axe is laid at the root of the fatal protective system which has done so much injury to this country. Again, to the clause respecting commerce, the new Constitution adds that "no clause . . . shall ever be construed to delegate the power to Congress to appropriate money for any internal improvement intended to facilitate commerce, except for the purpose of furnishing lights, beacons, and buoys, and other aids to navigation upon the coasts, and the improvement of harbors and the removal of obstructions in river navigation, in all which cases such duties shall be laid upon the navigation facilitated thereby as may be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof." This again is a blow at the old theories of internal improvements, which have proved so fruitful of corruption, and have militated so gravely against the satisfactory working of our system of government.

8. It is expressly stated that "no law of Congress shall discharge any debt contracted before the passage thereof."

9. It is provided that "the expenses of the Post-Office Department after March 1, 1863, shall be paid out of its own revenues." This section opens a wide field of controversy. We have always held, in this country, that as it was politic to tax the people at large for the maintenance of schools, so it was wise to tax them for postal service on unproductive routes. In the South they think otherwise. We are inclined to the opinion that the difference grows out of the different condition of the two peoples. In the South, the class which requires the Post-Office is small, and can afford to pay high rates of postage. In the North, every body uses the Post-Office, and low rates are essential. The new regulation will operate against popular education in the Confederate States.

10. We now come to the most important innovations attempted at Montgomery. The old Constitution, as every body knows, avoided the use of the word "slave," and called slaves "other persons." The framers of the old Constitution—Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Adams, etc.—were all heartily ashamed of slavery, and desired to see it abolished. The framers of the new Constitution entertain no such scruples. We have enumerated above one mention of the word slave. In the clause respecting fugitive slaves, which is otherwise copied from the old Constitution, the same word is used. The following are other clauses bearing upon the subject of slavery:

> The importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.
>
> Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.
>
> The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired.
>
> The Confederate States may acquire new territory, and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States lying without the limits of the several States, and may permit them, at such times and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress and by the Territorial Government, and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and Territories shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or Territories of the Confederate States.

These clauses require no comment. They embrace the principles embodied in the Breckinridge platform, and would doubtless constitute a formidable objection to the adoption of the new Constitution by the three million eight hundred thousand voters who voted against that platform at the last election.

11. Permission is given to lay export duties on articles exported from any State by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses. This is of course in order to lay an export duty on cotton.

12. In order to provide against the corruptions and lobby schemes which have disgraced Congressional legislation in our time, the following clauses are added to the old section providing that no money shall be paid except under an appropriation:

> Congress shall appropriate no money from the treasury except by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, taken by yeas and nays, unless it be asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of department, and submitted to Congress by the President; or for the purpose of paying its own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for the investigation of claims against the Government, which it is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish.
>
> All bills appropriating money shall specify in Federal currency the exact amount of each appropriation and the purposes for which it is made; and Congress shall grant no extra compensation to any public contractor, officer, agent, or servant, after such contract shall have been made or such service rendered.

13. In order to defeat the tacking of lobby riders to appropriation bills, by which method many corrupt schemes have recently been forced through Congress, a clause states that "every law or resolution having the force of law shall relate to but one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title."

14. The new Constitution fixes the Presidential term at six, instead of four, years, and renders the President ineligible. These innovations will commend themselves to the approval of all who have watched the mischiefs produced by the too speedy recurrence of elections, and by the manœuvres of acting Presidents for re-election. They would be gladly adopted by the people throughout the Union. The new Constitution declares that the President must have been fourteen years a resident of the Confederate States; the old Constitution contains a similar provision—the word "united" being used instead of "confederate."

15. In order to guard against the gross abuses arising from the rotation in office at present established, the new Constitution contains the following section:

> The principal officer in each of the executive departments, and all persons connected with the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the executive department may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor.

If this section be faithfully carried, the chief source of corruption in our political system will be stopped.

16. By the old Constitution Congress has power to admit new States. The Southern Congress requires a vote of two-thirds of both Houses to admit a new State.

17. By the old Constitution Congress has power "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." In the Southern Constitution the words "the territory or" are omitted—thus removing the territorial question from the control of Congress.

18. Under the old Constitution amendments can only be proposed by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, or two-thirds of the State Legislatures. Under the Southern Constitution any three States may propose amendments.

19. The ratification by nine of the old thirteen States was required to establish the old Constitution. The Southern Constitution requires only the ratification of five out of seven.

We have thus enumerated the principal alterations in the Constitution effected by the Congress at Montgomery. Most of them would receive the hearty support of the people of the North. But further comment is superfluous at the present time.

A FRAUD ATTEMPTED.

The Committee on Insurance Companies in the State Legislature have reported favorably a bill to the effect that no costs exceeding $10 shall be recovered in any action brought or to be brought by Receivers of Mutual Insurance Companies. The object of this is to deprive the public of a remedy to which they are entitled. Under the Act of 1849 a large number of Mutual Insurance Companies were formed in various parts of this State, and notes given for policies of insurance—said notes being, under the law and several judgments of Court, legally and equitably applicable to the payment of losses. Within the past six or eight years several of these Companies have failed, and Receivers have been appointed who have proceeded to sue on the notes. These suits have been strenuously resisted in Court after Court; and now, after many years of litigation, just as the creditors of the broken Companies are about to collect the amounts due to them, this bill steps in to cheat them of their costs. Will not some honest man in the Senate or Assembly just state the facts respecting this bill, so that members who support it may know what they are voting for?

THE LOUNGER.

LAYING ANCHORS TO WINDWARD—AN EPISODE.

Play-actors perform their parts with the full consciousness that they are known to be acting. But there are comedies of which the comic point is that the excellent and respected actors pretend that the spectators do not know that it is all a pretty play.

When the Prince of Wales came last autumn, some worthy American citizens, who were born in Ireland, refused to parade as a military company in honor of the guest. It was a question of taste. It might have occurred to them, as it did to the great mass of the American people, that it was very proper to honor one of our most faithful and friendly allies in the manner proposed. Still, these citizens took a different view, as they had a right, and they staid severely at home. It has since been made a question of military law.

The whole thing was unimportant. Do you think so, gentle reader? Alas! you do not know the political playwright; you do not know that there is no nut so unpromisingly empty that he will not get a dinner or, at least, a lunch or a supper out of it.

So, upon a recent evening, the excellent citizens who sympathized with those who staid at home when the little Prince drove up Broadway, assembled to express their sympathy and to present a sword and flags in token of it. That was all pleasant. There was a band of music; there were lovely ladies; there was a fine military array; there was an enthusiastic crowd; and when the most distinguished sympathizers stepped upon the stage, or, more properly, advanced to the footlights, there was a thrilling roll of drums and rattle of presenting arms. The sword of honor was presented and received in glowing and eloquent addresses; then the flags of sympathy were brought forward, and that excellent citizen and fluent orator, Mr. Meagher, appeared to make an address. When the "shouting plaudits" of the audience had ceased, he began. He said that his words should be few and plain—that the language of soldiers was direct and brief, and he should emulate it. And he added that he said so much to repress "the inordinate expectations of rhetoric" which might be indulged by some of the audience. Skirmishing, at first, with the light rapier of ridicule at the princely ovation, he proceeded to graver work, and held the strict legality of the commander's conduct; and then, passing to the immediate ceremony, he presented the flags, and ended in a "few plain words," evidently meant to squelch those luckless and untimely "expectations of rhetoric:" "I do so with the assurance that the superb gift passes into the hands of soldiers who will never permit the gold with which it abounds to be tarnished by cowardice, insubordination, or neglect of duty—who will never permit the green field, which to-night looks so ample and luxuriant, to lose its freshness and deep wealth of color, if love of country and jealousness of its honor will perpetuate it—and who will carry it into the battle, wherever the Eumenides wave their torches and the trumpet of Alecto peals, nerved and quickened by the faith that the sun, bursting from it in a flood and storm of glory, will maintain its light, as did the sun of victory over the mountains of the Amorrhite."

There was more music, more sympathy, more congratulation, and good feeling, and the satisfied company separated.

Do you think that was the whole play? Do you think the excellent citizens, Mr. Stout, Mr. Chanler, Mr. Hearne, Mr. Maguire, Mr. J. Hennessy, "Dunphy,"[*] Mr. Alderman Farley, and others, who were received with the thrilling martial salute, as they bounded upon the stage, were moved solely by sympathy with the severe staying at home of the gallant Sixty-ninth? Perhaps that was the sole reason, for it was surely sufficient, which brought them there. But wouldn't it be very droll if these citizens chanced to be statesmen, and the regiment chanced to comprise several hundred most desirable voters, whose favor might be wooed and haply won by a little gush of timely sympathy? And if those statesmen chanced to have political projects of any kind, wouldn't it possibly be convenient to have propitiated the worthy voters of the Sixty-ninth?

Is there any objection to laying anchors to windward? Not the least. Only don't suppose that the spectators shut their eyes. In "Cranford" Mrs. Forrester had her little householding humbugs; but then "she knew and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes." The political world is wonderfully like Cranford; and the shrewdest statesmen are those who behave like Mrs. Forrester. If you have a wart on your nose, it is not advisable to brush at it casually, as if it were a fly. If you are a great statesman, don't look so very innocent as if you supposed that we outsiders believed you to be so. When you present swords and rout rhetoric, we shall all believe that it is pure sympathy with the hereditary scruples of the Sixty-ninth, if you are of the same blood as the regiment. If you are not, we shall believe in as much pure sympathy as we can—*Liebchen was willst Du mehr?*

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[*] See the *Times* report.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

The pictures are out with the crocuses this year, and they are to show for a month only. The exhibition is at the old place in Tenth Street, but the Academy is to have a better, possibly a permanent, gallery, by-and-by. Meanwhile, although fine foreign pictures multiply, our own painters do not recede, and American art was never so strong in significant names as it is to-day. And there is this palpable good effect resulting from the increase of the foreign works, that we see how good our own are in the comparison. It is easy to believe that the pictures of the living European artists are incomparable, before you have seen them. And certainly it is very easy to admire them, after you have seen them. But you learn that to be a foreign painter is not necessarily to be a great painter.

This week, then, we will all look at the pictures, and next week we will talk about them.

CATILINE LEECH.

Whenever a party loses power under our government, it instantly sees what a great mistake it is to remove all the office-holders. And especially the gentlemen who fill office under the retiring administration hold the most positive convictions upon this point. In their opinion there was never before such a swarm of shameless office-seekers. They have an intense sympathy for the poor President, consumed by a cloud of cormorants. They see clearly that all the fine principles paraded during the canvass were only masks and cloaks under cover of which the thieves might make their way to the public plunder. The whole policy of the party which may displace them is told in one word, *patronage*.

Of course these things are not true of the party which appointed them. That was a truly patriotic party. That had in view only the public interest. Nobody who worked with that party expected any reward. *Procul, ah! procul!*

"But now," says Catiline Leech, who holds a government sinecure of five thousand dollars—"now, good Heavens! upon what times have we fallen, when these vultures are abroad, and the whole party grabs for spoils?"

So they sing whenever the Federal power changes hands. And although Catiline and his friends mean only that they are going to be turned out of office, and their talk and that of the newspapers which echo it is taken at its full value, yet there is a serious consideration lying under it.

The quadrennial change of office is a strain at the very roots of the government. Instead of forming a vast and universally diffused class conservative of the government itself, the countless minor officers of our system are a vast army of adventurers fighting for an insecure position, and often irresistibly tempted to prostitute their personal character as well as their official fidelity to the ambition of political leaders, who promise them the permanence of their offices as rewards. Theoretically, no merely executive officer of the government should be removed without cause.

But as the system has been actually practiced in this country, it may be imperatively necessary for the very existence of the government itself that the changes in office, upon an administrative change, be almost universal. If from Washington's time there had been no removal except for cause, there would be no necessity of such removal merely because of the advent to power of a new party. But when the whole system of offices has been made a great partisan machine, good faith to the Constitutional majority of the people requires that so powerful an engine of a policy they do not approve be made to assist the policy they do. Had arbitrary removals never been made, office-holders would have been, *ex officio*, almost no-party men; but since they have been so made the officers are, *ex officio*, the most reckless and desperate of all partisans; and when the policy they *ex officio* favor is subversive of the government itself, there must be and ought to be short work with them.

And then, Catiline, when the offices are filled with men who are more heartily devoted to the government than they are to any party under the government, of course you will give your vote for restoring the old plan of removal for cause only, will you not? It will leave you and all other Catilines out of office, indeed; but then you are anxious for the country, and you will have saved it from clouds of cormorants, and vultures, and buzzards, and all kinds of rapacious and foul birds. You will have done your duty, Catiline Leech, and we will all try to help you.

"THE PRESS."

Dear Mr. Lounger,—I am amused as I read my morning papers—and I faithfully peruse them all—to see how loudly they praise themselves for the wonderful power of "the newspaper press," and how hard they work to prevent the existence of any such power. And this they do by incessant editorial personality. They force upon my mind as I read that I am only having the opinion of one man, whose judgment I may or may not respect. From under the lion's roar they constantly squeak "Take heart, I'm only Snug the Joiner;" and as for the reader, Heaven be praised, he was just beginning to believe that it was really a lion, and is infinitely relieved by the timely reminder.

The prestige of the paper is thus entirely destroyed. It is not a voice from a cloud, imposing from its volume and impersonality—it is a spirit of prejudice, a passion, upon the part of a fellow-citizen, or it is his well-considered conviction, but with no relief of its strict individuality. It has just the value and influence of a private letter.

But the great model of newspapers, for it is still that, the London *Times*, is no private performance. People do not ask each other in the morning, "Have you seen what Smith says to-day about the Italian business?" or, "Do you see how Jenkins pitches into Tomkins this morning?" or, "What is Bumper's freshest lie?" No: when the London *Times* speaks it thunders. You know that some individual hand has written the article, but you do not know who, nor under what circumstances of superior knowledge. Even if it have a personal inspiration you can not know it, and that very secrecy makes the point a thousand-fold sharper.

Now, Mr. Lounger, why can not you, and I, and all the readers of our daily papers, try to persuade the editors that we are not in the least interested in their private quarrels, and that we acknowledge, in advance, that each paper is the most enterprising, able, and brilliant of all? We freely confess that all news is given first and exclusively in each; that each has better means of information than any other paper can possibly have; in fact, we concede all you mentioned the other day, and ask only that they try for a little while the effect of the London *Times'* principle. If they insist upon declaring every day that X, over the way, is a liar, and Z's dirty sheet is fouler than usual, and Y's stupidity was superhuman yesterday morning, we shall laugh even more than we do now, when we see the next self-felicitation upon the mighty position and power of "the Press."

Obediently yours, Gutenberg.

GUELPH AND GHIBELLINE.

The news from France shows that the priestly party is beginning to make open play against the Emperor. The Bishop of Poitiers very plainly calls Louis Napoleon Pontius Pilate, and appeals, in the most subtle manner, to the superstitious emotions of the ignorant mass of the French people.

The contest which is now arising in Europe about the temporal power of the Pope is a purely political movement, and has nothing to do with religion or Christianity. That should be carefully remembered by every spectator, and the more carefully, because the first desperate endeavor of the Church party is to confound the temporal and spiritual throne of the Pope, so that the bulk of the faithful may feel that the one is in danger when the other is attacked. But there is no more reason that Pope Pius should be a king than that Archbishop Hughes should be Governor of the State, and that is precisely the fact which Louis Napoleon will prove to the Catholic population of Europe and the world.

The charge of the Bishop of Poitiers, in which the gauntlet is openly thrown, is most skillfully conceived; and the notice taken of it by Count Persigny is heroic and wise. He says it is best that such publications should not be suppressed, because if they appear they are judged by the public opinion of the country, which thus sees the secret designs of the party which hates the people and its elected representative the Emperor.

As for the contest itself, Louis Napoleon is not the man to underrate the difficulties nor to shrink from them. The principle of his own elevation is essentially opposed to the temporal throne of the Pope. He knows that where the priests govern the people perish. He sees Austria, Naples, Rome, Spain, and Mexico, and he sees the countries in which civilization halts and mankind goes backward. He sees also, however, that at this moment Austria is moribund, that Naples revives, that Rome is ready, that Mexico has conquered priestcraft, and that day for the first time begins to break over those lands.

The great example of Brazil is not lost to him or to any political student of the time. In the degree that the old principle of despotism in the Church and State is resisted, nations every where, however they may change, become more peaceful, prosperous, and progressive. As Christian civilization develops, it eliminates despotism in every form from every national system. The Past is not a model, but a beacon. Great mistakes are not to be made because the people of the Past have made them. Human History is a warning as well as an encouragement.

The struggle will be sharp, for the Church, as a political power, dies hard. But the long and cruelly outraged Mexicans have given it its death-blow there, and the elected Emperor of France will deal with it in Italy, and so, practically, in Europe.

The most extraordinary and ludicrous man in this century is he who asks whether the world is not going backward.

CHARITY IS PATIENT.

What is a man's character worth, if it be not worth every thing? If it can not defend him from slander even when circumstances are the cloudiest; if it will not keep the faith of friends in his purpose sweet and white as snow; if it will not victoriously smile away suspicion, what is so slight and evanescent? Is not that just its value, that you do not require at every instant that you shall see the whole scope of action, but joyfully know that the action is for the best? As jealousy is incompatible with perfect love, so doubt of a friend is impossible. You believe because you must; and you believe entirely until you utterly disbelieve.

There is Sir Philip Sidney, darling of history, whom Motley so glowingly depicts in his late volumes. His life lies open to the eye of the world. It was only thirty-four years long, and you may read it in detail; and so reading you will feel, as all students have felt, that he was the soul of honor, beyond the ideal of his time. Upon the whole, probably, no historical figure so completely satisfies the various conditions essential to what we call the gentleman.

Do you believe that Sidney could have done a mean or criminal thing? And why not? Because of your faith in his character. No man can positively know precisely his relation with Stella. But as we should not believe that Washington ever basely told a lie, or ran cowardly from a necessary danger, because our confidence in his character forbids; so shall and must Sidney's white fame avail to shed aspersion as a polished statue sheds water. There is but one hint of any thing unworthy Sidney repeated in the books, and those are modern insinuations—of his relation with the Stella of his sonnets and the Lady Rich of history. The point is, was he perfectly honorable in his love and friendship for her?

It is now nearly three hundred years since he charged into the thick cloud of battle, that misty early morning upon the Isel, and came out of it to suffer for a few days and die; and against the aspersion only his character remains to plead. The charge is thought to be maintained by his sonnets. Yet if sonnets can prove any thing except that a man is a poet or is not a poet, Sidney's support the view that every lover of Sidney holds. He represents himself as Astrophel warmly pressing his suit; and this he does, undoubtedly, not as the picture of an actual fact, but that he may show his "load-star of desire," as he calls her, the brighter by contrast: and thus the lovely poem ends in a strain worthy of Sidney's essential reverence for women. Stella replies, and how exquisitely:

> "Trust me, while I thee deny,
> In myself the smart I try:
> Tyrant honor doth thus use thee,
> Stella's self might not refuse thee.
>
> "Therefore, dear, this no more move,
> Lest, though I leave not thy love,
> Which too deep in me is framed,
> I should blush when thou art named."

Lady Rich's face, which Sidney rather inaptly calls "Queen Virtue's Court," had occasion enough to blush, as the reader of her story knows. "How far her coquetry proceeded," Mrs. Jameson says, speaking of Sidney, "we do not know." Yet warm as the sonnets are, according to the poetic rhetoric of the time, and "one more unfortunate" as Penelope Devereux turned out to be, Sidney's character defends him from the suspicion of ignoble action.

This is a long preface to a short story. But why should not the rule work for those living which saves Sidney dead? Why should we not distrust our own impression, our own opinion, when a friend, or any person whose life is a long hostage to honesty and justice, is exposed to calumny? All men are fallible. Any man may fall. But how poor we show ourselves to be when we hasten to believe instead of instinctively disbelieving that a sincere man has forsworn himself. Let us suppose friends, for instance, whose whole lives have been devoted to one great purpose. At length they differ as to the method by which the object of their common efforts is to be accomplished. Now why should either turn upon the other and charge treachery? May not men fairly differ as to methods? Are you necessarily craven and false because you think the great end can be attained in a way which seems to me to be impracticable? It is perfectly fair for me to try to show you and the world that your way is wrong; but it is mean in me to call you names, and other people ought to suspect both my argument and my motive when I do so.

The man who is inclined to this kind of hasty judgment should ponder well the story of St. Aldegonde as Motley tells it. Or was Phocion a coward and a traitor because he advised against the battle? "The result," he said, "was not what I expected; but my advice was good, for all that."

LET US BE FRIENDS.

For eighty-five years we have struggled and toiled,
  And manfully battled as brother for brother,
And 'tis hard to see all our felicity spoiled
  By bickering fruitlessly one with another.
Together we fought and together we bled,
  Together we blazoned our country's resplendence,
And over the bones of our patriot dead
  Together we builded a grand Independence!

Could Mexico speak, every mountain would cry,
  North and South at our feet lie in red graves together,
Their struggle was but which was foremost to die,
  Or who could best brave cruel famine and weather.
Common hardship makes friends. We have been through the mill;
  Shall the bond that was written in blood be forgotten?
Do no mutual memories hang round us still?
  Have our hearts, like the bones of our Martyrs, grown rotten?

But if you *must* go, let us part like good friends—
  It's hard on the heart that our Union should sever!
Oh! Heaven conduct us to happier ends,
  And keep us like brothers for ever and ever!
Trust this—and you know 'tis no vaporing vow—
  Should your welfare be threatened by alien foeman,
We'll fight by your side as we did before now,
  For united we two can be conquered by no man!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all.—"I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation.—"I am sorry for it, Madam," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured *you* did not want it."

Lawyers are very critical. Once a young lawyer, upon being informed of an attachment between a young lady and gentleman, inquired whether the young gentleman was the "lover or lovee?" So an attorney in Dublin wrote a challenge to a gentleman to meet him "in the Four Acres, be the same more or less."

A gentleman lately resident in Sunderland, at one time a strong advocate of teetotalism, now a bottle manufacturer not far off, was recently asked by an acquaintance how he could reconcile his former professions with his present practice. "Oh," was the reply, "when I started bottle-making, to be consistent I also began to drink beer."

Some years ago, at a time when there was a triangular contest in progress between the Whigs, Old Line Democrats, and Fire-eaters, it was announced that the late John Morrissett, of Monroe, Alabama, would address the people of the county in behalf of the Whigs. Chancellor Lessane was sent up from Mobile to meet him as the representative of the Southern Rights party. The Chancellor wore straps to his pantaloons, then not a prevalent fashion in Monroe, and having a habit of putting his hands behind him when speaking, and lifting the skirts of his coat, displayed a large brass buckle that fastened his waistband. Mr. Morrissett, replying, remarked, in his own peculiar and inimitable vein, that the people of Monroe did not "need to receive political instruction from Mobile—least of all from a gentleman who wore *gallowses* under his boots and a *breast-pin* on his pants."

The Cheapest of Lawyers.—Keeping one's own counsel.

A DIFFERENT RENDERING.

An old clergyman—more distinguished for his piety than for the elegance of his oratorical delivery—once read aloud from his pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line:

"Life's like a shadow, how it flies!"

But pausing in the middle of the word *shadow* to take breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read:

"Life's like a shad—oh, how it flies!"

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"—"No, Sir; I have been married more than a week."—"I mean, do you belong to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows?"—"No; I belong to the order of married men."—"Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?"—"No; I'm a carpenter."—"Worse and worse! Are you a son of Malta?"—"No; I am a son of Mr. John Horsefall!"

Some time ago there was a trial for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel—a blustering man of brass—thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiotcy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: "Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Does he know any thing?"—"Very little."—"How much does he know?"—"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire without further question.

A shop-keeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Shure, it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, Sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap, I bought here myself, that I weighed them with?" The shop-keeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

The following epitaph is to be found in the church-yard of Upton-on-Severn:

> "Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
> Doth lie the landlord of the 'Lion.'
> His son keeps on the business still,
> Resigned unto the Heavenly will."

Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir Walter Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," said Sir Walter, "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady, furnished with the letter, set off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual very nervous, she said to her confidante, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks and send her back again."

A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge, in England, one Sunday lately, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:

Woman. "Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel! I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again."

Man. "Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?"

Woman. "Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?"

Man. "Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer, I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."

How to get rid of a Witch.—Madam, your broom is at the door.

A Legal Question.—Should a person who has been brought up in a police court have courtly manners?

The celebrated Dr. Ward was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill than wit and humor. An old woman, to whom he had administered some medicines proper for a disorder under which she labored, applied to him with a complaint that she had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. "No effect at all?" says the doctor. "None in the least," replied the woman. "Why, then, you should have taken a bumping glass of gin." "So I did, Sir." "Well, but when you found that did not succeed, you should have taken another." "So I did, Sir, and another after that." "Oh, you did," says the doctor: "ay, it is just as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my prescription, after you confess yourself that you swallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole system of physic."

A youth, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it!" whispered the blushing damsel.

The Hon. Henry Erskine was, notwithstanding his powers as a humorist, once overcome in wit by a country clergyman. The Rev. Dr. M'C——, minister of Douglas, and Mr. Erskine, had met at the dinner-table of a mutual friend. A dish of cresses being on the table, the reverend gentleman took a supply on his plate, which he proceeded to eat, using his fingers. Erskine remarked that the doctor's procedure reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar. "Ay," retorted Dr. M'C——, "that'll be because I'm eatin' amang the brutes."

It is an old and true saying, that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and, from some examples we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

Minds are more capacious than most persons think. We never knew one that was filled.

An eminent teetotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

A clergyman relates the following incident in the *Pacific Methodist*: "A few years ago, as I was preaching at ——, Willie, a little boy some two or three years of age, sat on a front seat listening, as I thought, very attentively. He seemed wholly absorbed, and I began to flatter myself that the 'lambs' were being fed as well as the 'sheep. But just as I finished my sermon, and was in the act of sitting down, he called out, at the top of his voice, '*Mr. Simmons, have you seen my new stockings?*' The mystery was solved. He had borne in silence the sermon that he might tell me of his little treasure."

The late Rev. T—— G——, of C——m, was a reputed wit. Along with a party, he was dining with a friend at Balachulish. After dinner, he was examining in his hand a valuable ring worn by a young lady of the family, when he was unexpectedly asked by the host to ring the bell. Replacing the ring on the lady's finger, Mr. G—— humorously exclaimed, "I'm ringing the *belle*, Sir."

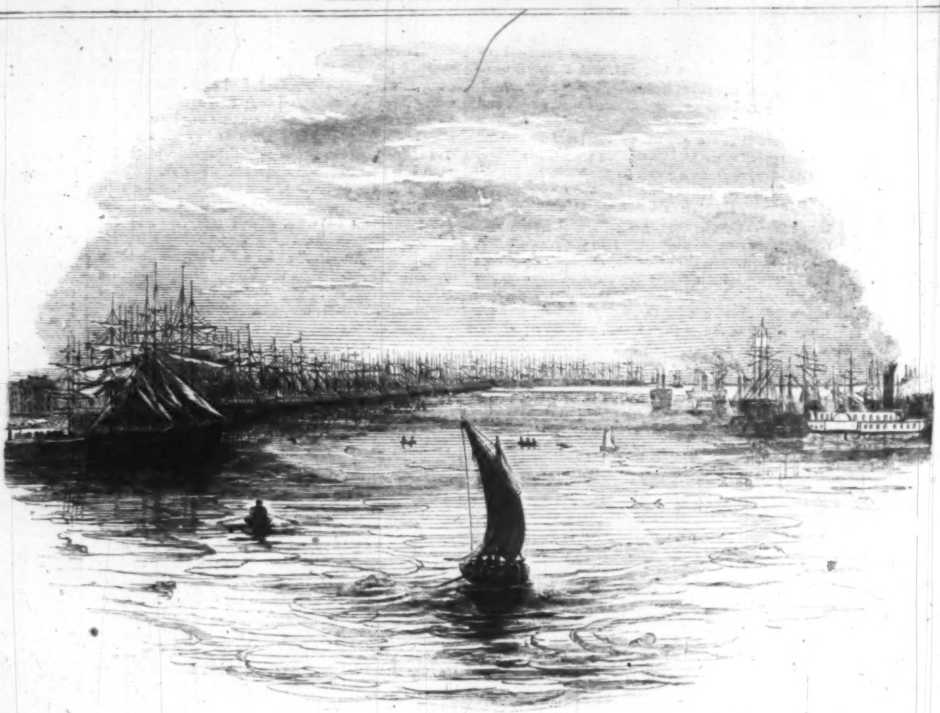
The Rev. Mr. A—— had, at a Presbytery dinner, indulged in his usual habit of punning. In returning home he was accompanied part of the way by a clerical neighbor, who especially enjoyed the humor of his conversation. They were about to separate for their respective manses at a place where was a morass or peat bog. "Just one pun more before we part," said the delighted associate. "Nay," replied the humorist, affecting to sink a little in the morass, "you have fairly bogged me now."

MORE VIEWS IN NEW ORLEANS.

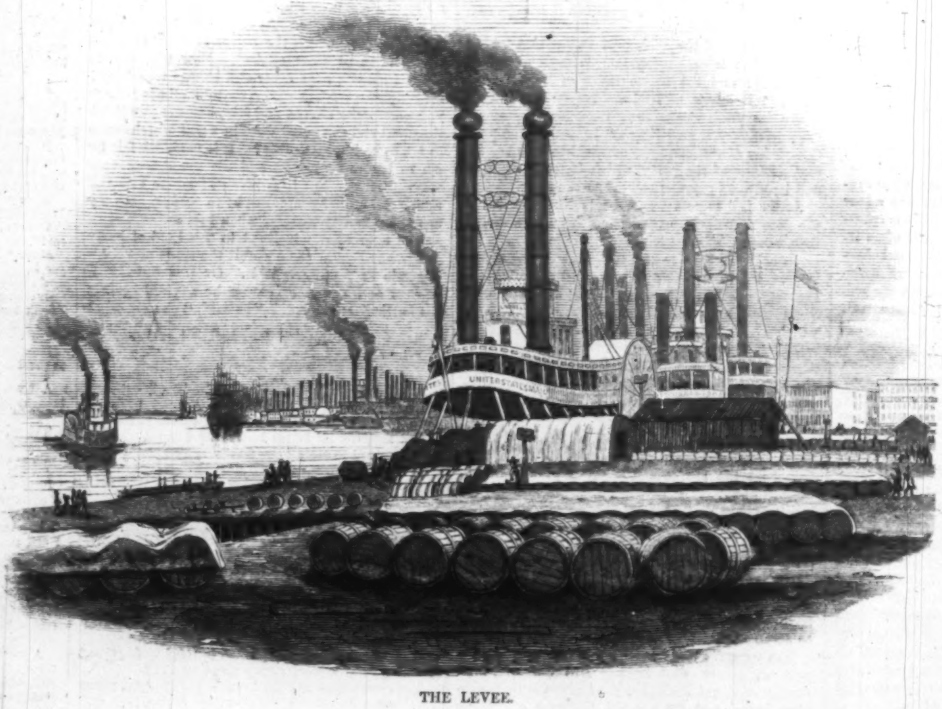
We present characteristic sketches of the Crescent City. The traveler who approaches by the Pontchartrain Railway sees the domes, spires, and chimney-tops of the city peering over tufts of grass and shrubbery, looking as though a town had been sown there and was just coming up. Upon entering, one passes first through the French quarter, built up mainly of low red-tiled wooden houses, many of which are surrounded with shrubbery and ornamental trees. The lamps not unfrequently hang over the centre of the street, suspended by chains passing from one side to the other. Here the streets bear French names, such as "Rue des Grands Hommes," "Des Bonnes Enfants," "Dauphine," "Bourbon," "Toulouse," "Bienville," "Royale." The shop signs are mostly French. "Artiste en Modes," "Café des Quatre Saisons," "Nettoyage de Tête," "Chambres garnies à louer," and the like, meet the eye at every turn. French is the language commonly spoken by both whites and blacks, though the *patois* of the latter would be hardly intelligible in Paris. This excites the special wonder of their brethren from more northern States.

"The idea," exclaimed Squire Berkeley's Virginian servant, "of them black rascals undertakin' to talk larned, like ladies and gent'men!" His wonder was increased when told that this was their own language, and that few of them understood English. "I thought," he said, "that all black people talked like we does at home. I thought they larned to talk from white people, and not outen books as these does." That French could be learned without books passed his comprehension utterly.

Approaching the river one finds himself in an American city; though even here the French element is not wanting, only not predominant. From the foot of Canal or Poydras streets, or, better still, from the upper deck of a steamer, one can perceive the peculiar conformation from which New Orleans derives its popular appellation of "the Crescent City." The Mississippi, whose general course is almost due north and south, here makes a sudden bend, so that the city lies on its northwest bank, facing the southeast. Looking up stream, one sees a fleet of immense river steamers moored in tiers four or five deep; beyond them is a fleet of masts, fading away in the distance; facing down stream, a similar fleet of steamers meets the eye; beyond them another line of masts, whose termination is hidden by the bend of the river. Eighty steamers have been counted at a time lying at the levee; these, with fifteen hundred flat-boats from up the river, and three hundred vessels from other ports, American and European, which have often been in the harbor in a single day, give some idea of the immense commerce which centres at New Orleans.



THE CRESCENT CITY.



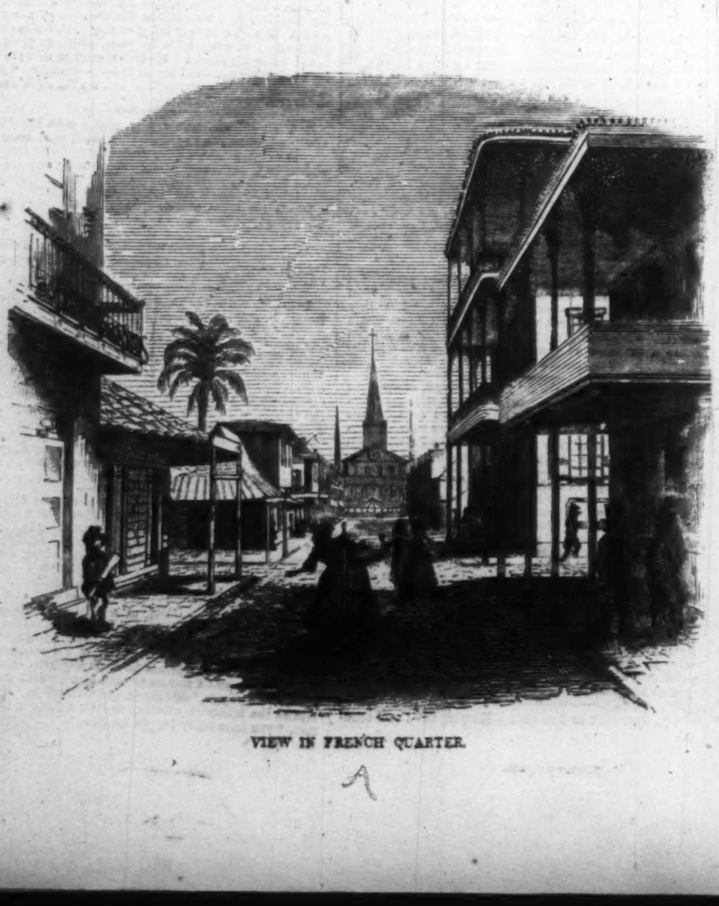
THE LEVEE.

Looking shoreward, the levee presents a scene of bustling life altogether unequaled. The surface of the river, when it is full, is some feet above the level of the adjacent country. The levee is properly the embankment, beginning some 40 miles below the city, and extending about 150 miles above, built to prevent inundation. Opposite the city the levee is so broad as to furnish a landing-place for all the bulky merchandise in which the trade of New Orleans mainly consists. The broad space is literally buried under the wealth of the Great Valley. Bales of cotton, hogsheads of sugar, barrels of pork by the thousand, are arranged in long lines, piled up tier upon tier. Thousands of busy hands are engaged in loading and unloading, handling and removing this merchandise, whose volume, in the busy season, never appears to be diminished. There are cities whose entire commerce exceeds vastly that of New Orleans; but nowhere is so great an amount of commercial activity presented at a single view as on the levee of the Crescent City. The aspect of the levee at night is even more striking than by day. The fire-baskets on the bows of the steamers throw a red light over the scene, by the aid of which the stevedores and laborers pursue their work. In the back-ground, lit up by the ruddy glare, the spacious warehouses and cotton-presses loom up, while in the distance the domes of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, the Saint Charles, and the Saint Louis, and the church spires stand sharply out against the clear sky.

"Jackson Square" was the "Place d'Armes" in the old times. The Cathedral of Saint Louis, and the public buildings of the First Municipality front upon it. The Square itself is handsomely laid out, and is now the favorite resort of nurses and children. Of this we present a reduced sketch, also one of Lafayette Square.

The famous "Shell Road" is one of the specialties of New Orleans. It extends for about six miles back to Lake Pontchartrain. The road is built upon piles, by which it is raised a few feet above the swamp. Its surface is composed of the shells of a species of clam, of which vast embankments are found on the lake. These are ground down and packed together by the pressure of innumerable wheels and hoofs, into a compact body as white, and almost as firm, as solid marble. It furnishes one of the most delightful drives in the world.

The climate of New Orleans is as pleasant as that of any city in the world, and for nine months in the year is hardly surpassed in healthfulness. But during the other three months the pestilence, to which the unacclimated are exposed, drives away all who can leave, except those who are willing to run the risk of the fever for the sake of the comparative immunity which they enjoy when once acclimated. But in spite of the terrors of the sickly season, the population of New Orleans has increased with a rapidity excelled by but few cities of the country.



VIEW IN FRENCH QUARTER.

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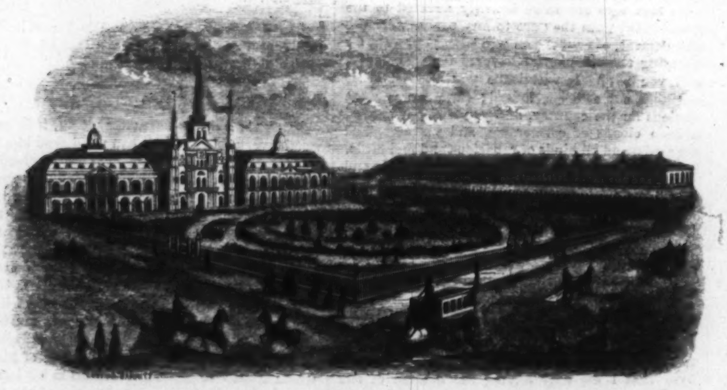
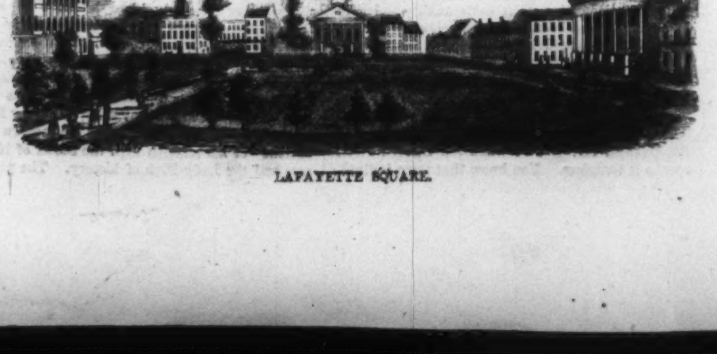
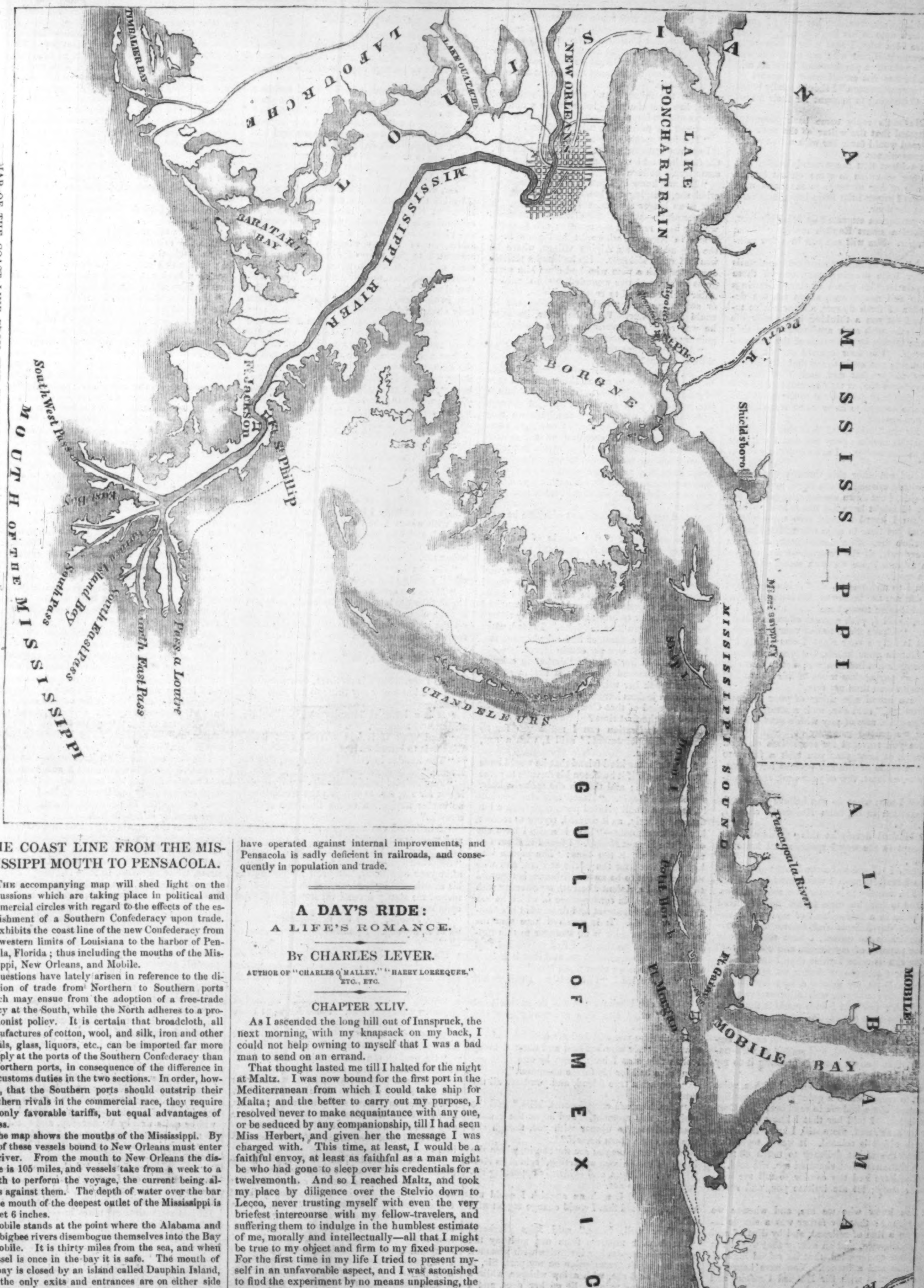


JACKSON SQUARE.



LAFAYETTE SQUARE.



MAP OF THE COAST LINE FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI TO PENSACOLA.

THE COAST LINE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI MOUTH TO PENSACOLA.

THE accompanying map will shed light on the discussions which are taking place in political and commercial circles with regard to the effects of the establishment of a Southern Confederacy upon trade. It exhibits the coast line of the new Confederacy from the western limits of Louisiana to the harbor of Pensacola, Florida; thus including the mouths of the Mississippi, New Orleans, and Mobile.

Questions have lately arisen in reference to the diversion of trade from Northern to Southern ports which may ensue from the adoption of a free-trade policy at the South, while the North adheres to a protectionist policy. It is certain that broadcloth, all manufactures of cotton, wool, and silk, iron and other metals, glass, liquors, etc., can be imported far more cheaply at the ports of the Southern Confederacy than at Northern ports, in consequence of the difference in the customs duties in the two sections. In order, however, that the Southern ports should outstrip their Northern rivals in the commercial race, they require not only favorable tariffs, but equal advantages of access.

The map shows the mouths of the Mississippi. By one of these vessels bound to New Orleans must enter the river. From the mouth to New Orleans the distance is 105 miles, and vessels take from a week to a month to perform the voyage, the current being always against them. The depth of water over the bar at the mouth of the deepest outlet of the Mississippi is 13 feet 6 inches.

Mobile stands at the point where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers disembogue themselves into the Bay of Mobile. It is thirty miles from the sea, and when a vessel is once in the bay it is safe. The mouth of the bay is closed by an island called Dauphin Island, and the only exits and entrances are on either side this island. On the west side the channel is only 5 feet deep. On the other side 22 feet are found in the main strait; but a little further on, near the head of the bay, there is a bar on which it is impossible to rely on more than 11 feet water.

The best, indeed the only good harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, is at Pensacola. Between Santa Rosa Island and the main shore there is a land-locked harbor, in which the greatest fleet in the world can lie securely. The depth of water over the bar is never less than 22 feet. If Pensacola had been situate in any other State than Florida it would have been a large and flourishing place. Unfortunately, the poor credit of Florida and the sparseness of its population have operated against internal improvements, and Pensacola is sadly deficient in railroads, and consequently in population and trade.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

As I ascended the long hill out of Innspruck, the next morning, with my knapsack on my back, I could not help owning to myself that I was a bad man to send on an errand.

That thought lasted me till I halted for the night at Maltz. I was now bound for the first port in the Mediterranean from which I could take ship for Malta; and the better to carry out my purpose, I resolved never to make acquaintance with any one, or be seduced by any companionship, till I had seen Miss Herbert, and given her the message I was charged with. This time, at least, I would be a faithful envoy, at least as faithful as a man might be who had gone to sleep over his credentials for a twelvemonth. And so I reached Maltz, and took my place by diligence over the Stelvio down to Lecco, never trusting myself with even the very briefest intercourse with my fellow-travelers, and suffering them to indulge in the humblest estimate of me, morally and intellectually—all that I might be true to my object and firm to my fixed purpose. For the first time in my life I tried to present myself in an unfavorable aspect, and I was astonished to find the experiment by no means unpleasing, the reason being, probably, that it was an eminent success.

I had now a task of some nicety before me, and addressed myself at once to its discharge. At the hotel I learned that the cottage inhabited by Mrs. Keates was in a small nook of one of the bays, and only an easy walk from the town; and so I dispatched a messenger at once with Miss Crofton's note to Miss Herbert, inclosed in a short one from myself, to know if she would permit me to wait upon her, with reference to the matter in the letter. I spoke of myself in the third person and as the bearer of the letter.

While I was turning over the letters and papers in my writing-desk, awaiting her reply, I came upon Buller's note to his brother, and, without any precise idea why, I sent it by a servant to the Government House with my card. It was completely without a purpose that I did so, and if my reader has not experienced moments of the like "inconsequence," I should totally break down in attempting to account for their meaning.

Miss Herbert's reply came back promptly. She requested that the writer of the note she had just read would favor her with a visit at his earliest convenience.

It was evident that the communication had engaged her attention to some extent by the promptitude of her message to me; and with this thought I crossed the little lawn, and rang the bell at the door.

"The gentleman expected by Miss Herbert, Sir?" asked a smart English maid. "Come this way, Sir. She will see you in a few minutes."

I had fully ten minutes to inspect the details of a pretty little drawing-room, one of those little female temples where scattered drawings and books and music, and, above all, the delicious odor of fresh flowers, all harmonize together, and set you a thinking how easily life could glide by with such appliances were they only set in motion by the touch of the enchantress herself. The door opened at last, but it was the maid; she came to say that Mrs. Keates was very poorly that day, and Miss Herbert could not leave her at that moment; and if it were not perfectly convenient to the gentleman to wait, she begged to know when it would suit him to call again?

"As for me," said I, "I have come to Malta solely on this matter; pray say that I will wait as long as she wishes. I am completely at her orders."

I strolled out after this through one of the windows that opened on the lawn, and gaining the sea-side, I sat down upon a rock to bide her coming. I might have sat about half an hour thus, when I heard a rapid step approaching, and I had just time to arise when Miss Herbert stood before me. She started back, and grew pale, very pale, as she recognized me, and for fully a minute there we both stood, unable to speak a word.

"Am I to understand, Sir," said she, at last, "that you are the bearer of this letter?" And she held it open toward me.

"Yes," said I, with a great effort at collectedness. "I have much to ask your forgiveness for. It is fully a year since I was charged to place that in your hands, but one mischance after another has befallen me; not to own that in my own purposeless mode of life I have had no enemy worse than my fate."

"I have heard something of your fondness for adventure," said she, with a strange smile that blended a sort of pity with a gentle irony. "After we parted company at Schaffhausen, I believe you traveled for some time on foot. We heard, at least, that you took a fancy to explore a mode of life few persons have penetrated, or, at least, few of your rank and condition."

"May I ask, what do you believe that rank and condition to be, Miss Herbert?" asked I, firmly.

She blushed deeply at this; perhaps I was too abrupt in the way I spoke, and I hastened to add,

"When I offered to be the bearer of the letter you have just read, I was moved by another wish than merely to render you some service. I wanted to tell you, once for all, that if I lived for a while in a fiction land of my own invention, with day-dreams and fancies, and hopes and ambitions all unreal, I have come to pay the due penalty of my deceit, and confess that nothing can be more humble than I am in birth, station, or fortune—my father an apothecary, my name Potts, my means a very few pounds in the world; and yet, with all that avowal, I feel prouder now that I have made it than ever I did in the false assumption of some condition I had no claim to."

She held out her hand to me with such a significant air of approval, and smiled so good-naturedly, that I could not help pressing it to my lips, and kissing it rapturously.

Taking a seat at my side, and with a voice meant to recall me to a quiet and business-like demeanor, she asked me to read over Miss Crofton's letter. I told her that I knew every line of it by heart, and, more still, I knew the whole story to which it related. It was a topic that required the nicest delicacy to touch on: but with a frankness that charmed me, she said,

"You have had the candor to tell me freely your story; let me imitate you, and reveal mine.

"You know who we are, and whence we have sprung: that my father was a simple laborer on a line of railroad, and by dint of zeal and intelligence, and an energy that would not be balked or impeded, that he raised himself to station and affluence. You have heard of his connection with Sir Edward Crofton, and how unfortunately it was broken off; but you can not know the rest; that is, you can not know what we alone know, and what is not so much as suspected by others; and of this I can scarcely dare to speak, since it is essentially the secret of my family."

I guessed at once to what she alluded; her troubled manner, her swimming eyes, and her quavering voice, all betrayed that she referred to the mystery of her father's fate: while I doubted within myself whether it were right and fitting for me to acknowledge that I knew the secret source of her anxiety. She relieved me from my embarrassment by continuing thus:

"Your kind and generous friends have not suffered themselves to be discouraged by defeat. They have again and again renewed their proposals to my mother, only varying the mode, in the hope that by some stratagem they should overcome her reasons for refusal. Now, though this rejection, so persistent as it is, may seem ungracious, it is not without a sufficient and substantial cause."

Again she faltered, and grew confused, and now I saw how she struggled between a natural reserve and an impulse to confide the sorrow that oppressed her to one who might befriend her.

"You may speak freely to me," said I, at last. "I am not ignorant of the mystery you hint at. Crofton has told me what many surmise and some freely believe in."

"But we know it, know it for a certainty," cried she, clasping my hand in her eagerness. "It is no longer a surmise or a suspicion. It is a certainty—a fact! Two letters in his handwriting have reached my mother; one from St. Louis in America, where he had gone first; the second from an Alpine village, where he was laid up in sickness. He had had a terrible encounter with a man who had done him some gross wrong, and was wounded in the shoulder. After which he had to cross the Rhine, wading or swimming, and travel many miles ere he could find shelter. When he wrote, however, he was rapidly recovering, and as quickly regaining all his old courage and daring."

"And from that time out have you had no tidings of him?"

"Nothing but an order on a Russian banker in London to pay to my mother's order a sum of money, a considerable one too; and although she hoped to gain some clew to him through this, she could not succeed, nor have we now any trace of him whatever. I ought to mention," said she, as if catching up a forgotten thread in her narrative, "that in his last letter he enjoined my mother not to receive any payment from the assurance company, nor enter into compromise with them; and, above all, to live in the hope that we should meet again and be happy."

"And are you still ignorant of where he now is?"

"We only know that a cousin of mine, an officer of engineers at Aden, heard of an Englishman being engaged by the Shah of Persia to report on certain silver mines at Kashan, and from all he could learn the description would apply to him. My cousin had obtained leave of absence expressly to trace him, and promised in his last letter to bring me himself any tidings he might procure here to Malta. Indeed, when I learned that a stranger had asked to see me, I was full sure it was my cousin Harry."

Was it that her eyes grew darker in color as this name escaped her—was it that a certain tremor shook her voice—or was it the anxiety of my own jealous humor, that made me wretched as I heard of that Cousin Harry, now mentioned for the first time?

"What reparation can I make you for so blank a disappointment?" said I, with a sad, half-bitter tone.

"Be the same kind friend that he would have proved himself if it had been his fortune to come first," said she; and though she spoke calmly, she blushed deeply. "Here," said she, hurriedly, taking a small printed paragraph from a letter, and eagerly, as it seemed, trying to recover her former manner—"here is a slip I have cut out of the Levant *Herald*. I found it about two months since. It ran thus: 'The person who had contracted for the works at Pera, and who now turns out to be an Englishman, is reported to have had a violent altercation yesterday with Musted Pasha, in consequence of which he has thrown up his contract and demanded his passport for Russia. It is rumored here that the Russian embassador is no stranger to this rupture.' Vague as this is, I feel persuaded that he is the person alluded to, and that it is from Constantinople we must trace him."

"Well," cried I, "I am ready. I will set out at once."

"Oh! can I believe you will do us this great service?" cried she, with swimming eyes and clasped hands.

"This time you will find me faithful," said I, gravely. "He who has said and done so many foolish things as I have, must, by one good action, give bail for his future character."

"You are a true friend, and you have all my confidence."

"Mrs. Keates's compliments, Miss," said the maid, at this moment, "and hopes the gentleman will stay to dinner with you, though she can not come down herself."

"She imagines you are my cousin, whom she is aware I have been expecting," said Miss Herbert, in a whisper, and evidently appearing uncertain how to act.

"Oh!" said I, with an anguish I could not repress, "would that I could change my lot with his."

"Very well, Mary," said Miss Herbert; "thank your mistress from me, and say the gentleman accepts her invitation with pleasure. Is it too much presumption on my part, Sir, to say so?" said she, with a low whisper, while a half malicious twinkle lit up her eyes, and I could not speak with happiness.

Determined, however, to give an earnest of my zeal in her cause, I declared I would at once return to the town, and learn when the first packet sailed for Constantinople. The dinner hour was seven, so that I had fully five hours yet to make my inquiries ere we met at table. I wondered at myself how business-like and practical I had become; but a strong purpose now impelled me, and seemed to add a sort of strength to my whole nature.

"As cousin Harry is the mirror of punctuality, and you now represent him, Mr. Potts," said she, shaking my hand, "pray remember not to be later than seven."

CHAPTER XLV.

"Constantinople, Odessa, and the Levant.—The *Cyclops*, five hundred horse-power, to sail on Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock. For freight or passage apply to Captain Robert B. Rogers."

This announcement, which I found amidst a great many others in a frame over the fire-place in the coffee-room, struck me forcibly, first of all, because, not belonging to the regular mail packets, it suggested a cheap passage; and, secondly, it promised an early departure, and the vessel was to sail on the very next morning, an amount of promptitude that I felt would gratify Miss Herbert.

Now, although I had been living for a considerable time back at the cost of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, my resources for such an expedition as was opening before me were of the most slender kind. I made a careful examination of all my worldly wealth, and it amounted to the sum of forty-three pounds some odd shillings. On terra firma I could of course economize to any extent. With self-denial and resolution I could live on very little. Life in the East, I had often heard, was singularly cheap and inexpensive. All I had read of Oriental habits in the Arabian Nights and Tales of the Genii assured me that with a few dates and a water-melon a man dined fully as well as need be; and the delicious warmth of the climate rendered shelter a complete superfluity. Before forming any thing like a correct budget, I must ascertain what would be the cost of my passage to Constantinople, and so I rang for the waiter to direct me to the address of the advertiser.

"That's the captain yonder, Sir," whispered the waiter, and he pointed to a stout, weather-beaten man, who, with his hands in the pockets of his pilot-coat, was standing in front of the fire, smoking a cigar.

Although I had never seen him before, the features reminded me of some one I had met with, and suddenly I bethought me of the skipper with whom I had sailed from Ireland for Milford, and who had given me a letter for his brother "Bob"—the very Robert Rogers now before me.

"Do you know this handwriting, captain?" said I, drawing the letter from my pocket-book.

"That's my brother Joe's," said he, not offering to take the letter from my hand, or removing the cigar from his mouth, but talking with all the unconcern in life. "That's Joe's own scrawl, and there ain't a worse from this to himself."

"The letter is for you," said I, rather offended at his coolness.

"So I see. Stick it up there, over the chimney; Joe has never any thing to say that won't keep."

"It is a letter of introduction, Sir," said I, still more haughtily.

"And what if it be? Won't that keep? Who is it to introduce?"

"The humble individual before you, Captain Rogers."

"So, that's it!" said he, slowly. "Well, read it out for me, for, to tell you the truth, there's no harder navigation to me than one of Joe's scrawls."

"I believe I can master it," said I, opening and reading what originally had been composed and drawn up by myself. When I came to "Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart," he drew his cigar from his mouth, and laying his hand on my shoulder, turned me slowly around till the light fell full upon me.

"No, Joseph," said he, deliberately, "not a bit of it, my boy. This ain't my sort of chap at all!"

I almost choked with anger, but somehow there was such an apparent earnestness in the man, and such a total absence of all wish to offend, that I read on to the end.

"Well," said he, as I concluded, "he usedn't to be so wordy as that. I wonder what came over him. Mayhap he wasn't well."

What a comment on a style that might have adorned the Correct Letter Writer!

"He was, on the contrary, in the enjoyment of perfect health, Sir," said I, tartly.

"All I can pick out of it is, I ain't to offer you any money; and as there isn't any direction easier to follow, nor pleasanter to obey, here's my hand!" And he wrung mine with a grip that would have flattened a chain cable.

"What's your line, here? You ain't sodgering, are you?"

"No; I'm traveling, for pleasure, for information, for pastime, as one might say."

"In the general do-nothing and careless line of business? That ain't mine. No, by jingo! I don't eat my fish without catching, ay, and salting them, too, I ain't ashamed to say. I'm captain, supercargo, and pilot of my own craft; take every lunar that is taken aboard; I've writ every line that ever is writ in the log-book, and I vaccinated every man and boy aboard for the natural small-pox with these fingers and this tool that you see here!" And he produced an old and very rusty instrument of veterinary surgery from his vest-pocket, where it lay with copper money, tobacco quids, and lucifer matches.

"Can you take me as a passenger to Constantinople?"

"To Constantinople? Ay, to the Persian Gulf, to Point de Galle, to Cochin China, to Ross River; don't think to puzzle me with navigation, my lad."

"Are there many other passengers?"

"I could have five hundred, if I'd take 'em! Put Bob Rogers on a placard, and see what'll happen! If I said, 'I'm going to sea on a plank to-morrow,' there's men would rather come along with me than go in the *Queen* or the *Hannibal*. I don't say they're right, mind ye; but I won't say they're wrong, neither."

"Oh, why didn't I meet this wretch when I was a child? Why didn't my father find a Helot like this to tell lies before me, and frighten me with their horrid ugliness?" This was the thought that flashed through me as I listened. I felt, besides, that such stupid, purposeless inventions, corrupted and blunted the taste for graceful narrative, just in the same way that an undeserving recipient of charity offends the pleasure of real benevolence.

"May I ask, Captain Rogers, what is the fare?" said I, with a bland courtesy.

"That depends upon the man, Sir. If you was Ram Sam Can-tanker-whad, I'd say five hundred gold pagodas. If you was a Cockney stripling, with a fresh-water face and a spun-yarn whisker, I'd call it a matter of seven or eight pound."

"And you sail at eight?"

"To the minute. When Bob Rogers say eight o'clock, the first turn of the paddles will be with the first stroke of the hour."

"Then book me, pray, for a berth; and, for surety's sake, I'll go aboard to-night."

"Meet me, then, here at ten o'clock, and I'll take you off in my gig, an honor to be proud on, my lad; but as Joe's friend, I'll do it."

I bowed my acknowledgments and went off, neither delighted with my new acquaintance nor myself for the patience I had shown him. After all, I had secured an early passage, and thus was able to show Kate Herbert that I was not going to let the grass grow under my feet this time, and that she might reckon on my zeal to serve her in future. As I retraced my road to the cottage, I forgot all about Captain Rogers, and only thought of Kate, and the interests that were hers. It was next to a certainty that her father was yet alive; but how to find him in a strange land, with a feigned name, and most probably with every aid and appliance to complete his disguisement. It was, doubtless, a noble enterprise to devote one's self for such as she was, but not very hopeful withal; and then I went over various plans for my future guidance: what I should do if I fell sick, what if my money failed me, what if I were waylaid by Arabs, or carried away to some fearful region in the mountains, and made to feed a pet alligator or a domestic boa-constrictor. I hoped sincerely that I was over-estimating my possible perils, but it was wise to give a large margin to the unknown; and so I did not curb myself in the least.

As I entered the grounds the night was falling, and I could see that the lamps were already lighted in the drawing-room. What surprised me, however, was to see a very smart groom, well mounted, and leading another horse up and down before the door. There was evidently a visitor within, and I felt indisposed to enter till he had gone away. My curiosity, however, prompted me to ask the groom the name of his master, and he replied, "The Honorable Captain Buller."

The very essence of all jealousy is, that it is unreasoning. It is well known that husbands—that much-believing and much-belied class—always suspect every one but the right man; and now, without the faintest clew to a suspicion, I grew actually sick with jealousy!

Nor was it altogether blamable in me, for as I looked through the uncurtained window, I could see the captain, a fine-looking, rather tigerish sort of fellow, standing with his back to the fire-place, while he talked to Miss Herbert, who sat some distance off at a work-table. There was in his air that amount of jaunty ease and self-possession that said, "I'm at home here; in this fortress I hold the chief command." There was about him, too, the tone of an assumed superiority, which, when displayed by a man toward a woman, takes the most offensive of all possible aspects.

As he talked he moved at last toward a window, and, opening it, held out his hand to feel if it were raining.

"I hope," cried he, "you'll not send me back with a refusal; her ladyship counts upon you as the chief ornament of her ball."

"We never do go to balls, Sir," was the dry response.

"But make this occasion the exception. If you only knew how lamentably we are off for pretty people, you'd pity us. Such garrison wives and daughters are unknown to the oldest inhabitant of the island. Surely Mrs. Keates will be quite well by Wednesday, and she'll not be so cruel as to deny you to us for this once."

"I can but repeat my excuses—I never go out."

"If you say so, I think I'll abandon all share in the enterprise. It was a point of honor with me to persuade you; in fact, I pledged myself to succeed, and if you really persist in a refusal, I'll just pitch all these notes in the fire, and go off yachting till the whole thing is over." And with this he drew forth a mass of notes from his sabretasche, and proceeded to con over the addresses: "'Mrs. Hilyard,' 'Mr. Barnes,' 'Mr. Clintosh,' 'Lady Bladgen.' Oh, Lady Blagden! Why, it would be worth while coming only to see her and Sir John; and here are the Crosbys, too; and what have we here? Oh! this is a note from Grey. You don't know my brother Grey—he'd amuse you immensely. Just listen to this, by way of a letter of introduction:

"'Dear ——: Cherish the cove that will hand you this note as the most sublime snob I have ever met in all my home and foreign experiences. In a large garrison like yours, you can have no difficulty in finding fellows to give him a field-day. I commit him, therefore, to your worthy keeping, to dine him, draw him forth, and pitch him out of the window when you've done with him. No harm if it is from the topmost story of the highest barrack in Malta. His name is Potts—seriously and truthfully, Potts. Birth, parentage, and belongings all unknown to, Yours ever,

"'GREY BULLER.'"

"You are unfortunate, Sir, in confiding your correspondence to me," said Kate, rising from her seat, "for that gentleman is a friend, a sincere and valued friend, of my own, and you could scarcely have found a more certain way to offend me than to speak of him slightingly or ill."

"You can't mean that you know him—ever met him?"

"I know him and respect him, and I will not listen to one word to his disparagement. Nay, more, Sir, I will feel myself at liberty, if I think it fitting, to tell Mr. Potts the honorable mode in which your brother has discharged the task of an introduction, its good faith, and gentlemanlike feeling."

"Pray let us have him at the mess first. Don't spoil our sport till we have at least one evening out of him."

But she did not wait for him to finish his speech, and left the room.

It is but fair to own he took his reverses with great coolness: he tightened his sword-belt, set his cap on his head before the glass, stroked down his mustache, and then lighting a cigar, swaggered off to the door with the lounging swing of his order.

As for myself, I hastened back to the town, and with such speed that I traversed the mile in something like thirteen minutes. I had no very clear or collected plan of action, but I resolved to ask Captain Rogers to be my friend, and see me through this conjuncture. He had just dined as I entered the coffee-room, and consented to have his brandy-and-water removed to my bedroom while I opened my business with him.

I will not, at this eleventh hour of revelations, inflict upon my reader the details, but simply be satisfied to state that I found the skipper far more practical than I looked for. He evidently, besides, had a taste for these sort of adventures, and prided himself on his conduct of them. "Go back now, and eat your dinner comfortably with your friends; leave every thing to me, and I promise you one thing—the *Cyclops* shall not get full steam up till we have settled this small transaction."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

ON Friday, 15th, in the extra session of the Senate, Senator Mason offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the number of troops quartered in the District, when they are to be withdrawn, for what purpose they are maintained there, and whether the force is to be increased, and to what extent. The resolution was laid over. Senator Douglas's resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and other public property in the seceded States, whether the administration intend to recapture those in possession of the secessionists, and if so what military force will be necessary, etc., was taken up. The resolution calls for a detailed exposition of the policy of the administration with reference to the seceded States. Senator Wilson said the administration would make known its policy through gentlemen in whom it had confidence. The debate was continued at considerable length. In the course of it, Senator Douglas gave Senator Fessenden the lie direct, and was severely rebuked by that Senator.

On Saturday, 16th, Senator Rice made a personal explanation, and after some general conversation of no direct moment, the Senate went into executive session.

On Monday, 18th, Senator Breckinridge took occasion to comment upon the Inaugural Address of President Lincoln, and the general course of the Republicans. The Address he interpreted, in accordance with the ultra Southern view, as meaning war. He also argued that the construction of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet left nothing to hope for peace. His opinion was that the Federal Government could not be perpetuated on the principles which brought the now dominant party into power. Senator Hale followed in reply; and at the conclusion of his speech the Senate went into executive session.

On Tuesday, 19th, the subject before the Senate being the resolution presented by Senator Douglas, making inquiries relative to the fortifications and other public property in the seceded States, remarks were made by Senators Clingman of North Carolina, Grimes of Iowa, Clark and Hale of New Hampshire, Chandler of Michigan, Breckinridge of Kentucky, and Simmons of Rhode Island. The latter gentleman proposed a substitute for Senator Douglas's resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to make inquiries as to the qualifications of Senators, what vacancies there are, and whether the executive of any State in which vacancies may exist has a constitutional right to make temporary appointments. No action was taken on the resolutions, it being decided to hold an executive session.

On Wednesday, 20th, the consideration of Senator Douglas's resolution in relation to the Southern forts, etc., was then resumed, and Senator Bayard, of Delaware, made a speech on the troubles of the nation. He considered a reconstruction of the Union impossible. At the conclusion of Senator Bayard's remarks the Senate held an executive session, and confirmed a number of appointments.

On Thursday, 21st, Senator Bayard continued his speech.

THE NEW DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS.

We publish below the names and salaries of the various Ministers and Consuls thus far appointed by the Lincoln Administration:

MINISTERS.

	Where to Reside.	Compensation.
ENGLAND—		
Min. Plen., Charles F. Adams	London	$17,500
Sec. of Leg., Charles L. Wilson	London	2,625
Ass't Sec. of Legation, John Adams	London	1,500
FRANCE—		
Min. Plen., Wm. L. Dayton	Paris	17,500
Sec. of Legation, W. J. Pennington	Paris	2,625
PRUSSIA—		
Min. Plen., N. P. Judd	Berlin	12,000
Sec. of Legation, H. Kreiseman	Berlin	1,800
SARDINIA—		
Min. Res., Geo. P. Marsh	Turin	7,500
TURKEY—		
Min. Res., James Watson Webb	Constantinople	7,500
AUSTRIA—		
Min. Plen., Anson Burlingame	Vienna	12,000
SWEDEN AND NORWAY—		
Min. Res., Jacob T. Halderman	Stockholm	7,500
DENMARK—		
Min. Res., Bradford R. Wood	Copenhagen	7,500
BRAZIL—		
Min. Plen., Thomas H. Nelson	Rio Janeiro	12,000
BELGIUM—		
Min. Res., Henry S. Sanford	Brussels	7,500
PORTUGAL—		
Min. Res., Carl Schurz	Lisbon	7,500
SPAIN—		
Min. Plen., Cassius M. Clay	Madrid	12,000
Sec. of Legation, Green Clay	Madrid	1,800
GUATEMALA—		
Min. Res., Elisha C. Crosby	Guatemala	7,500
PONTIFICAL STATES—		
Min. Res., Rufus King	Rome	7,500

CONSULS.

At what Place.	Names.	Compensation.
London	Freeman H. Morse	$7,500
Bordeaux	C. Davisson	2,000
Liverpool	DeWitt C. Littlejohn	7,500
Havre	James O. Putnam	6,000
Aix la Chapelle	Wm. H. Vesey	2,500
Frankfort-on-the-Maine	Rufus Hosmer	3,000
Alexandria, Egypt	W. S. Thayer	3,000

COMMISSIONER.

Sandwich Islands	Thomas J. Dyer	7,500

SOUTHERN ENVOYS TO EUROPE.

The Government of the seceded States has appointed Hon. William L. Yancey of Alabama, Judge P. A. Rost of Louisiana, Colonel A. Dudley Mann and T. Butler King of Georgia special Commissioners to proceed to England and France to obtain the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and make such commercial arrangements as their joint interests may inspire.

THE SLAVE-TRADE ACT VETOED.

We have already announced the fact that Hon. Jefferson Davis had vetoed the Slave-trade Act recently passed by the Congress of the C. S. A. The Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* publishes the document. It is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, *Feb.* 28, 1861.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS,—With sincere deference to the judgment of the Congress, I have carefully considered the bill in relation to the Slave-trade and to punish persons offending therein; but I have not been able to approve, and therefore return it, with a statement of my objections.

"The Constitution, section 9, article 1, provides that the importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the Slaveholding States is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same. The rule herein given is emphatic, and distinctly directs legislation which shall effectually prevent the importation of African negroes. The bill before me denounces as a high misdemeanor the importation of negroes or other persons of color, either to be sold as slaves, or held to service or labor, affixing heavy and degrading penalties on the act, if done with such intent. To that extent it accords with the requirement of the Constitution; but in the 6th section of the bill provision is made for the transfer of negroes who may have been illegally imported into the Confederate States to the custody of foreign States or societies, upon condition of deportation and future freedom; and if the proposition thus to surrender them shall not be accepted, it is then made the duty of the President to cause said negroes to be sold at public outcry to the highest bidder, in any of the States where such sales shall not be inconsistent with the laws thereof, etc., etc.

"This latter provision seems to me in opposition to the policy declared in the Constitution, of prohibition of the importation of African negroes, and in derogation of its mandate to legislate for the effectuation of that object. Wherefore the bill is returned for your further consideration, together with the objections.

"Most respectfully submitted,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

An attempt was made to pass the bill over the veto, but was lost by a vote of Yeas, 15; Nays, 24.

MISSOURI UNCONDITIONALLY FOR UNION.

The following amendment to the fifth resolution to the majority report of the Committee on Federal Relations, which has been under discussion the past week, was voted down on 16th in the Convention by a vote of 61 to 30: "And further believing that the fate of Missouri depends upon the peaceable adjustment of our present difficulties, she will never countenance or aid a seceding State in making war upon the General Government, nor will she provide men and money for the purpose of aiding the General Government in any attempt to coerce a seceding State."

SECESSION IN ARKANSAS.

The Arkansas Convention, after rejecting a secession ordinance by a vote of 39 to 35, finally agreed that the question should be referred to the people, at an election to be held on the first Monday in August next, when the ballots are to decide "For Co-operation," or "For Secession." Till August, then, Arkansas remains in the Union.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.

Galveston advices of the 19th are received. Governor Houston and the Secretary of State refused to appear on the 16th before the Convention at Austin when summoned, after a notice, to take the oath. The other State officers took the oath. Lieutenant-Governor Clark was to assume the Governor's powers on the 16th. It was not known what Governor Houston would do. The Convention was rapidly maturing a defensive force for the frontier. Indians in large numbers were on the Western frontier. Colonel Ford was organizing a military force to protect the Rio Grande. The Convention had passed an ordinance continuing in the State government the officers who took the oath.

CUSTOM-HOUSES ON THE FRONTIER.

A telegram dated Charleston, March 20, says: Measures have been taken by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Memminger, to prevent the introduction of goods by the inland routes.

At all railway connections between the Confederate and Border States officers have been stationed to enforce the decrees and tariff regulations of the Confederate States.

The same precautions have been taken to prevent smuggling on the coast line.

THE INDICTMENTS AGAINST FLOYD QUASHED.

The indictments against Ex-Secretary Floyd have been quashed in the Court at Washington, on the ground—first, that there was no evidence of fraud on his part; and second, that the charge of malfeasance in the matter of the Indian bonds was precluded from trial by the act of 1857, which forbids a prosecution when the party implicated has testified before a Committee of Congress touching the matter.

THE FIRST SEIZURE IN CONSEQUENCE OF SECESSION.

The first case of real difficulty growing out of the absence of United States Collectors at some of the Southern ports occurred on Thursday, and resulted in the seizure of the schooner *Restless* at this port, from Havana. The Collector at Mobile refusing, as a United States officer, to exchange a coasting license for a register, in order to permit that vessel to go to Havana for a cargo, the Captain "protested." The Spanish Consul countersigned his document, and he then proceeded on his voyage. At this port Collector Schell seized the vessel for violation of the laws. The facts of the case have been sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, who, it is believed, will remit the penalty.

RELEASE OF THE NEW YORK SHIPS SEIZED AT SAVANNAH.

The arms seized by the New York police have at last all been restored, and sent on to Savannah. The fact having been telegraphed to responsible parties in Georgia, an answer has been received over the wires announcing the release of the vessels detained by the authorities of that State in reprisal for that seizure.

AFFAIRS AT SUMTER.

A telegram dated Charleston, March 19, says: Paymaster Hutton, of the United States Army, visited Fort Sumter this evening under a flag of truce, and paid off fifty United States soldiers.

Major Anderson sent to Quarter-master Hatch, of the Confederate army, desiring to know by what conveyance his troops can be transported North. They will go by the *Columbia* on Saturday. The abandonment of the fort is hourly expected.

SEIZURE OF A SUPPLY SHIP BY THE SECESSIONISTS.

It is reported that the United States supply ship *Isabella*, bound for Pensacola with provisions for the fleet at Fort Pickens, has been intercepted and captured by the rebels, in what manner is not stated.

SAFETY OF THE "AUSTRALASIAN."

The *Australasian* is safe. She left Queenstown at her appointed time, and when four days out, during a heavy gale, broke two of the flanges of her screw. After vainly endeavoring to make an American port, the captain bore up for Queenstown, which place she reached on the 3d of March, the passengers and crew all safe.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN FLORIDA.

The Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* gives the particulars of a bloody tragedy which recently transpired in Sumpter County, Florida. Rev. George Andrews, pastor of a Methodist Church, had seduced and maltreated a young lady relative who was residing at his house, and having heard that he was to be summoned for trial, went to the house of the man who was to serve the paper upon him, to dine. He had with him a double-barreled gun, a yager rifle, two repeaters, and two bowie-knives. After dinner, Mr. Lane, Mr. M'Lendon, Mr. Hyatt, and Mr. Andrews, went to the workshop, and in the course of conversation Mr. Lane said that he had a summons for Mr. Andrews to appear for trial. At once Andrews leveled his gun at M'Lendon and fired, killing him instantly; turned and shot at Lane with the second barrel, wounding him in the hand, and as Hyatt picked up the yager to defend himself, fired at him with the revolver, grazing him on the shoulder. Hyatt discharged the yager ineffectually and then ran, leaving Andrews to return to the shop and reload his guns, when he went to a Mr. Condray's, about a mile distant. Meeting Mr. Condray, he shot him in the abdomen, inflicting a fatal wound. Rev. Mr. Parker chanced to be standing by, and seizing the wretch, managed to hold him until help came, when he was tied and confined until morning under strict guard. At noon the next day sixty or seventy of the citizens tried and convicted him, and hung him at once. His last words were, "I am only sorry that I did not kill three or four more."

PERSONAL.

Ex-General Twiggs has declined a Brigadier-Generalship in the army of the Confederate States, on account of feeble health.

The Southern Congress on Saturday confirmed the following persons as District Judges for the Confederate States: A. G. Magrath, for South Carolina; H. R. Jackson, Georgia; W. Lanier Harris, Mississippi; Thomas G. Semmes, Louisiana; John Hemphill, Texas; and Jesse J. Finley, Florida. On Saturday night the Congress adjourned to meet in Montgomery on the second Monday in May next.

Mrs. Mary Ann Patten, widow of the late Captain Joshua Patten, died in Boston on March 17, of consumption. Mrs. Patten, it will be remembered by many, says the *Courier*, was the heroic wife who, some three or four years ago, nursed her sick husband when prostrated by illness and incurable blindness, and took charge of his ship—the *Neptune's Car*—and in spite of the officer's desire to put into Valparaiso, navigated the vessel to San Francisco, and thus avoided much detention, as well as saved expense to the Underwriters. Mrs. Patten had nearly completed her twenty-fourth year.

Lieutenant Slemmer, the Commandant at Fort Pickens, is to be promoted for courage, zeal, and efficiency.

Among the passengers who arrived here on Saturday last, by the steamship *Arabia*, was Mr. W. H. Russell, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, who has come to this country for the purpose of giving a fair and impartial account of our political troubles.

John Sherman has received the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Ohio in Governor Chase's stead, and has been duly elected. The selection will be very generally approved.

William Absom, convicted of the murder of his wife, and under sentence of death in the Hudson County (New Jersey) Jail, committed suicide on Wednesday night, in his cell, by severing an artery in his arm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE CASE.

THE Yelverton Marriage Case, now on trial in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, has excited a very strong feeling in Ireland, and is not unworthy of a few observations, as it illustrates the position of parties professing different religions, when they contract marriage with each other. The point involved in the suit of Thelwall *agt.* the Hon. Major Yelverton is a very simple one. An action has been brought against Major Yelverton for the maintenance of a lady averred in the plaintiff's plea to be the defendant's wife, and the defendant repudiates the claim on the allegation that the lady is not his wife. The point for decision was this: Was there a legal marriage between Teresa Longworth and William Charles Yelverton on the 15th of August, 1857, when a marriage ceremony took place between them in the Roman Catholic Church of Killowen, Ireland, and the clergyman celebrating that marriage was the Rev. Mr. Mooney, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish. There is no dispute as to the fact of the marriage ceremony; and if both parties were, at the time, Roman Catholics, it is certain that the marriage was valid, legal, and binding upon the persons contracting it; and either would be liable to be tried for bigamy, if he or she contracted a second marriage previous to that first marriage being legally dissolved.

Teresa Longworth was educated as a Roman Catholic. She never professed to be of any other religion; and, so far as she is concerned, the marriage is legal and binding. But then, how stands the case with Major Yelverton? It is stated, on the part of the plaintiff, that previous to the defendant's marriage he professed himself to be a Roman Catholic; that some of his family were Protestants, and some Roman Catholics; and that he belonged to the latter, and never to the former. On the other hand, it has been maintained that he never was a Roman Catholic; that his alleged wife knew him to be Protestant, and had so stated in conversation to the parish priest—an allegation, however, which she positively denied upon her oath, when cross-examined on this most material point. The whole question at issue hinges upon the same point: for the law of the land is that if, at the time of the marriage by a Roman Catholic priest, Major Yelverton was a Protestant, and known as such, then, so far as he is concerned, the marriage is a nullity—it is not binding in law—and the woman who went through a marriage ceremony with him is no more than his concubine, and, consequently, he is not bound to pay for her maintenance.

There are some strange and romantic circumstances connected with this case: the young lady being of respectable family, of some beauty, and possessed of many accomplishments—having been one of the generous and well-born ladies who, in the time of the Crimean war, accompanied the Sisters of Charity, and followed in the footsteps of Miss Nightingale to aid wounded soldiers in the camp hospitals.

Later advices say:

The trial has resulted in a verdict that his first marriage was valid. Miss Longworth is, therefore, the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, and her husband stands in the power of the criminal law as a bigamist.

DEATH OF THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

The Duke of Sutherland died at Trentham on the 28th ult., aged 75. His Grace was much less known in public life than his magnificent Duchess. Of a delicate constitution, and of a naturally retiring disposition, he led a life of strict privacy, and he was chiefly known as one of the wealthiest members of the peerage, as a munificent patron of literature and art, and as an open-handed supporter of charitable institutions. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, the Marquis of Stafford, who was born in 1828. The Duke's death causes a vacancy in the representation of Sutherlandshire, the present Duke having sat for that county since 1852.

FRANCE.

WAR BETWEEN THE BISHOPS AND THE EMPEROR.

The war between the bishops and the Government is now assuming such proportions that a "cataclysm"—to use M. de Grammont's expression to Cardinal Antonelli—must be near at hand. The Bishop of Poitiers, in a published pastoral letter, compares the Emperor to Pontius Pilate! This fact is announced by the *Patrie*, under the head of "Latest News," and attested, which "latest news" usually is not, by the signature of its leading writer, M. Paulin Limayrac.

SPEECH OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The debate on the address in response to the Emperor's Speech is progressing in the Senate.

On the 1st Prince Napoleon spoke upon the subject. He said: "I am astonished at the violence of the discussion. I leave to liberal opinion in Europe, to the patriotism of the Italians, to the 200,000 soldiers who, with the Emperor at their head, made the campaign of Italy, the task of replying to the insults which you have listened to. [Cheers.] The Emperor represents modern society, its progressive tendencies, and the liberal principles of 1789. [Loud cheers.] The people are not mistaken if they rely upon Napoleon III., who will not fail in his mission." The Prince then recalled the words of the Emperor respecting Gaeta, and said: "Count Heckeren confounded the words 'pity' and 'sympathy,' the latter being only felt by the Emperor for the glorious cause of Italy, and for the allies who have shed their blood at our side upon the fields of Magenta and Solferino. The Prince defended the English alliance against the Marquis Larochekayelir, and said that alliance is not with some particular Ministers, but with the great and liberal English people. It is an alliance with which we can defend the great principles of liberty and progress. The Prince justified the policy of Piedmont in Italy, and maintained that unity of Italy was favorable to France, of whom, he said, she was the national ally. He uttered some sympathetic words respecting Venice, but said he should deplore any untimely attack. He foresaw that Italy united would soon demand Rome as her capital, and continue the difficulty to insure independence to the Pope, who can not become subject to another sovereign. But by securing to the Pope the right side of the city of Rome, with a Papal garrison and a Papal budget, guaranteed by the Powers, his independence would be secured. The Prince was essentially opposed to the union of temporal and spiritual power, which would be subjection of the conscience.

FRENCH INDIGNATION AT THE MORILL TARIFF.

We read in the Paris *Moniteur* of February 28: "Among the items of news which come from the United States is one which does not directly concern the domestic crisis, but is no less worthy of attention, for it has an international bearing which will escape no one's attention. The representatives of the Northern States, taking advantage of the absence of the Southern members, have been in great haste to vote a new Custom-house tariff. Now, then, the North, which is desirous of protecting its manufactures, is very unfaithful to ideas of liberty when it has to do with tariffs, and does not keep in view the interests of the South—a country essentially agricultural and very much in favor of free trade.

"The tariff heretofore in force was very protective, since it imposed on foreign merchandise *ad valorem* duties varying from nineteen to thirty per cent. The new tariff increases all the taxes either directly or by combinations which substitute a specific for *ad valorem* duties. This retrograde reform has been very badly received in England, and will be no better liked in France: for our silks, which used to pay nineteen per cent., will pay a tax varying from twenty to thirty per cent., and our wines, taxed at thirty per cent., will be assessed at thirty-three and a half per cent.

"If a reconciliation should be effected in the United States, which does not yet appear to be beyond hope, it is proper to surmise that the abolition of this tariff will be one of the compromise clauses obtained by the South. If the Union be not re-established, the programme of free trade proclaimed by the South will open to our trade and agriculture a road to fruitful intercourse and large returns."

HOW MIRES WAS ARRESTED.

A Paris letter says: "On Saturday evening, as the Mires family were sitting round the domestic tea-table, in one of those sumptuous drawing-rooms in the Palace of the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, where princely balls were given last year, their privacy was broken in upon by the ruthless minions of the law. The Prince de Polignac, Mires's son-in-law, who not a year ago resigned himself to a *mésalliance* for the sake of the supposed wealth of the young Jewess, convulsively examined the arrest warrant, and vainly questioned its legality. The Princess de Polignac, who is far advanced in pregnancy, fainted away, and serious consequences, which happily have not been realized, were apprehended. Politely, but firmly, and without any delay, the officers marshaled Mires to the hack-cab which was waiting at the door; and in that vile equipage, Mires, the great financier, the second Rothschild, the man who was wont to make a Minister his footstool—Mires, the regenerator of Marseilles and the last hope of the Turkish Empire, was hurried away to Mazas prison, where he now lies awaiting his trial on the triple charge of forgery, swindling, and 'abuse of confidence.' There was a report last night that he had been liberated on bail; but this is positively denied to-day by the *Droit*, an authoritative legal journal, which says that he is still in prison, and that M. Daniel, the Judge of Instruction, is actively proceeding with the affair. Mires was yesterday under examination for five hours. His daughter, who is a charming young person, only 18, and commands much sympathy, passes her time in calling upon Ministers and great people to whom her rank as a Princess obtains her ready access. She implores their influence in behalf of her father. She has been once allowed to see him in prison, but only in the presence of his witnesses, who hear all that is said, for he is *au secret*."

ITALY.

THE SIEGE OF MESSINA.

The heights commanding the citadel of Messina are occupied by the Sardinian troops. The representatives of foreign Powers have protested to the commander of the citadel against any damage which might be caused in the city.

The Minister of War at Naples has issued notice that all foreign soldiers who may have belonged to the Bourbon army, or who have been in the military service of the Pope, and who should join the reactionary bands of Southern Italy, will, if made prisoners, not be treated as soldiers, but will be punished with the greatest severity.

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECT OF MORE WAR.

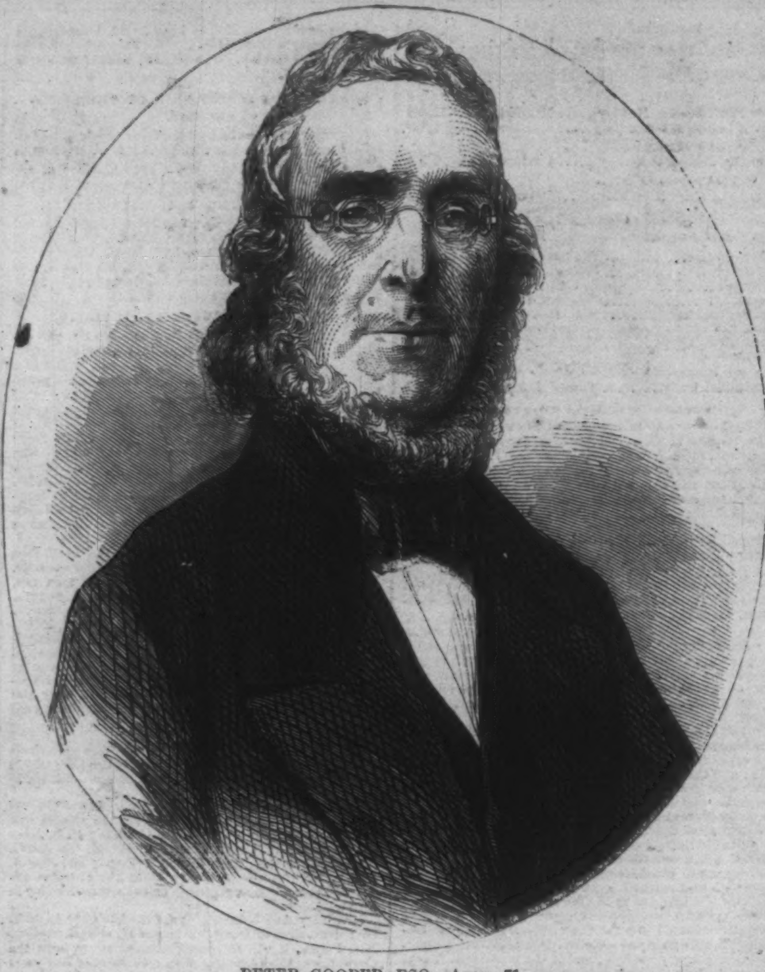
The Paris letter of the London *Daily News* mentions, as a rumor in accredited quarters, that Prince Metternich has just communicated to M. Thouvenel an important note from the Court of Vienna. In this note it is asserted the Austrian Government declares that it never will recognise Victor Emanuel as King of Italy; but if France recalls her troops from Rome, she will immediately replace them by an Austrian army, and that if the Revolutionists make the least movement in Venetia or Hungary, she will cross the Mincio.

MEXICO.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

By way of New Orleans we are in possession of a few additional items of Mexican news. So far as determined by the late Presidential election, the republic is nearly equally divided between three parties. Eight States are thought to be for Juarez, representative of the Puros; eight are for Lerdo de Tejada, candidate of the extreme radicals, and six for General Ortega, representative of the army and more moderate politicians. It is believed, therefore, that there will be no choice by the people. The election then goes to the Congress, where Juarez, it is thought, will have a large majority. In the mean time, General Arteaga, the Governor of Queretaro, has put himself at the head of a movement against the Central government. The press, however, very generally condemn it.

THE COOPER UNION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.



PETER COOPER, ESQ., AGED 71.

NOT many men propose to themselves as the definite purpose of their lives the improvement of their fellow-men; fewer still adhere to such a purpose through good and evil report; while those who achieve the fruition of their labors are rare indeed. When amidst struggles and discouragements innumerable the work is successfully accomplished, mankind sooner or later recognize the true heroic element of character, and enroll the self-sacrificing laborer among its benefactors.

On the 29th of April, 1859, Peter Cooper, at first an humble mechanic, and then a successful merchant of the city of New York, without parade and in the quiet of his own home, in the full vigor of his years, and with his children at his side approving the splendid offering, executed and delivered to six trustees a deed in fee simple for the ground and building commonly known as the Cooper Institute, covering an entire block at the junction of the Third and Fourth avenues, which had cost him $630,000 in money to complete, upon the condition "that the above mentioned and described premises, together with the appurtenances, and the rents, issues, income, and profits thereof, shall be *forever* devoted to the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art." An additional sum of ten thousand dollars was given to the trustees for procuring the requisite furniture and apparatus.

Thus was accomplished during his lifetime a purpose formed forty years before, by a mechanic working at his bench for his daily bread; a purpose never lost sight of amidst the fluctuations of business, the temptations of political and social position, or the demands of public or private charities, to which his hand had ever been open. One knows scarcely which to admire most, the stern tenacity of his purpose or the magnificent scale on which it has been executed.

The Cooper Union is a fire-proof building of stone, brick, and iron, containing seven floors, covering each 24,000 superficial feet. The three lower floors, including the Great Hall so well known for its public meetings, are rented out, to procure revenue for the support of the literary and scientific departments of the Institution, to which the four remaining floors are devoted. The first of these floors is appropriated to a great Free Reading-Room and Picture Gallery. The admission is absolutely *free* to all comers, male and female, who are not even required to register their names. The number of daily visitors is now over fifteen hundred; and they are supplied with the most valuable current literature of Europe and America, in the shape of the leading newspapers and magazines, as well literary as scientific. The number of periodicals regularly received is over two hundred and eighty. A Reference Library, now containing over four thousand volumes, and rapidly increasing, completes the attractions of this department, which is contained in a noble hall 120 feet long and 80 feet wide. The Picture Gallery adjoining contains the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art, and many other valuable paintings.

The next floor is devoted to the School of Design for Women, which is capable of accommodating three hundred pupils. This is a day-school, and is absolutely free to all who may desire to pursue art as a profession, or to become teachers or engravers. Amateurs are also received at a very moderate charge; but the great object of the school is to provide for respectable females of suitable capacity the means of earning a livelihood in a congenial pursuit. The number of pupils is now one hundred and eighty, of whom over one hundred and forty are free scholars. The best teachers (five in all) are employed in the several departments, and so successful is the school that last year the scholars earned over eleven hundred dollars for themselves in engraving alone. A council of ladies—among them many of those most eminent for taste and social position in the city—have the general supervision of the school, which, as now organized, is undoubtedly a credit to the country.

The two remaining floors are devoted to free instruction at night "on the application of science to the useful occupations of life, and on such other branches of knowledge as in the opinion of the Board of Trustees will tend to improve and elevate the working classes in the city of New York."

The trustees have practically put in operation a free college at night for the working classes of this city. Classes are formed in the following departments:

1. In Mathematics	Number of Pupils			..	163
2. In Chemistry and Physics.	"	"	"	..	255
3. In Music	"	"	"	..	397
4. In Architectural Drawing.	"	"	"	..	82
5. In Mechanical Drawing	"	"	"	..	86
6. In Free-hand Drawing	"	"	"	..	132
Total number of Pupils					1115

The number of instructors is fifteen.

Besides these classes a course of free readings in English literature is given, which is attended by over six hundred persons of both sexes.

The pupils represent every kind of business carried on in this city, one hundred distinct branches being specified in the Annual Report of the Trustees, from which our facts are mainly derived. The great majority of the pupils are between the ages of 16 and 30, but there are pupils who acknowledge to over 60 years.

The total outlay last year for carrying on the operations of the Union which have been described was $\$30,800\frac{71}{100}$, all of which was derived from the rents of the three lower floors, except $5000 which was given by the founder of the Institution.

The trustees expect in addition to establish a Polytechnic School of the highest grade, and a great Free Lending Library, such as are possessed by the cities of Boston and Liverpool. For these purposes they will require help, which by their charter they are authorized to avail themselves of, from whatever quarter it may be offered.

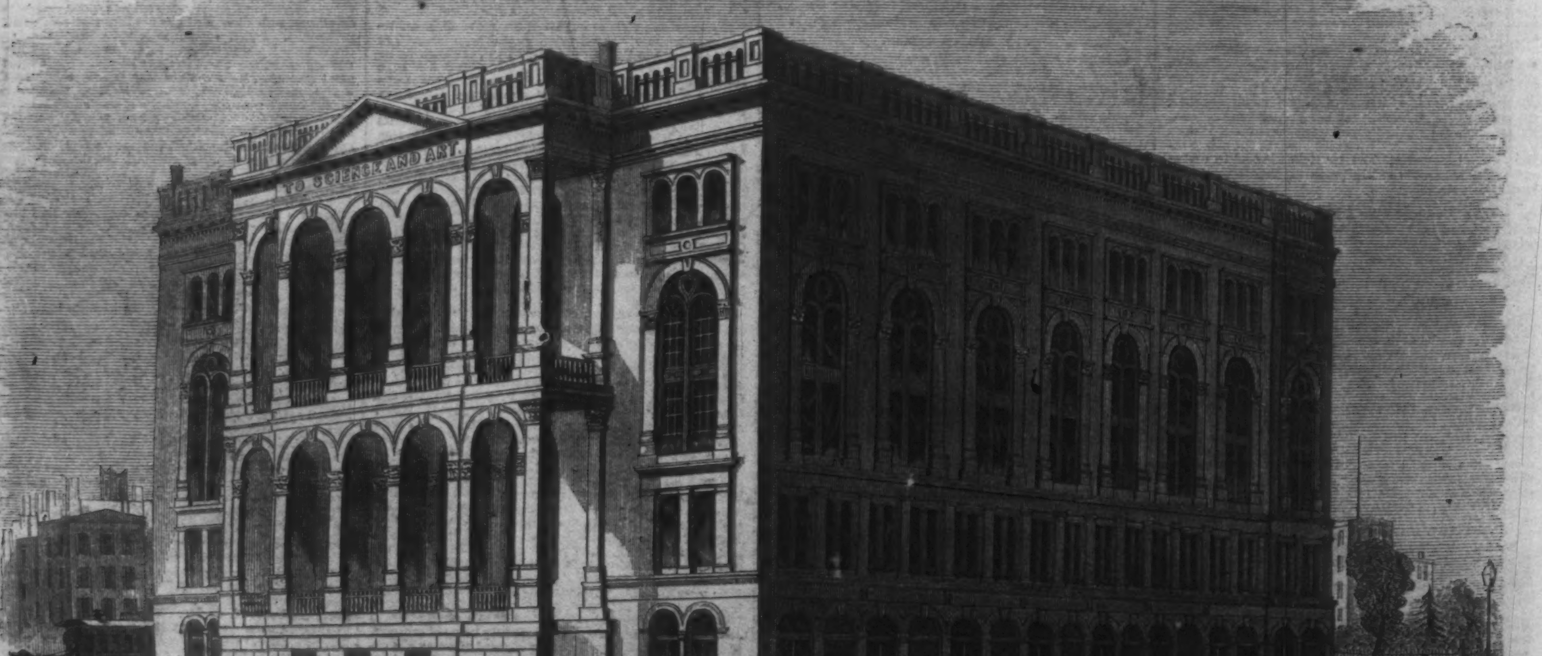
An examination of this noble Institution, and of its great practical operations and results, will satisfy the most skeptical that the main idea of the founder, the elevation and improvement of the working classes of this city, by instruction offered without money and without price in the several departments of knowledge applicable to their daily business, will be abundantly realized. Long may Mr. Cooper live to see its fruits!

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

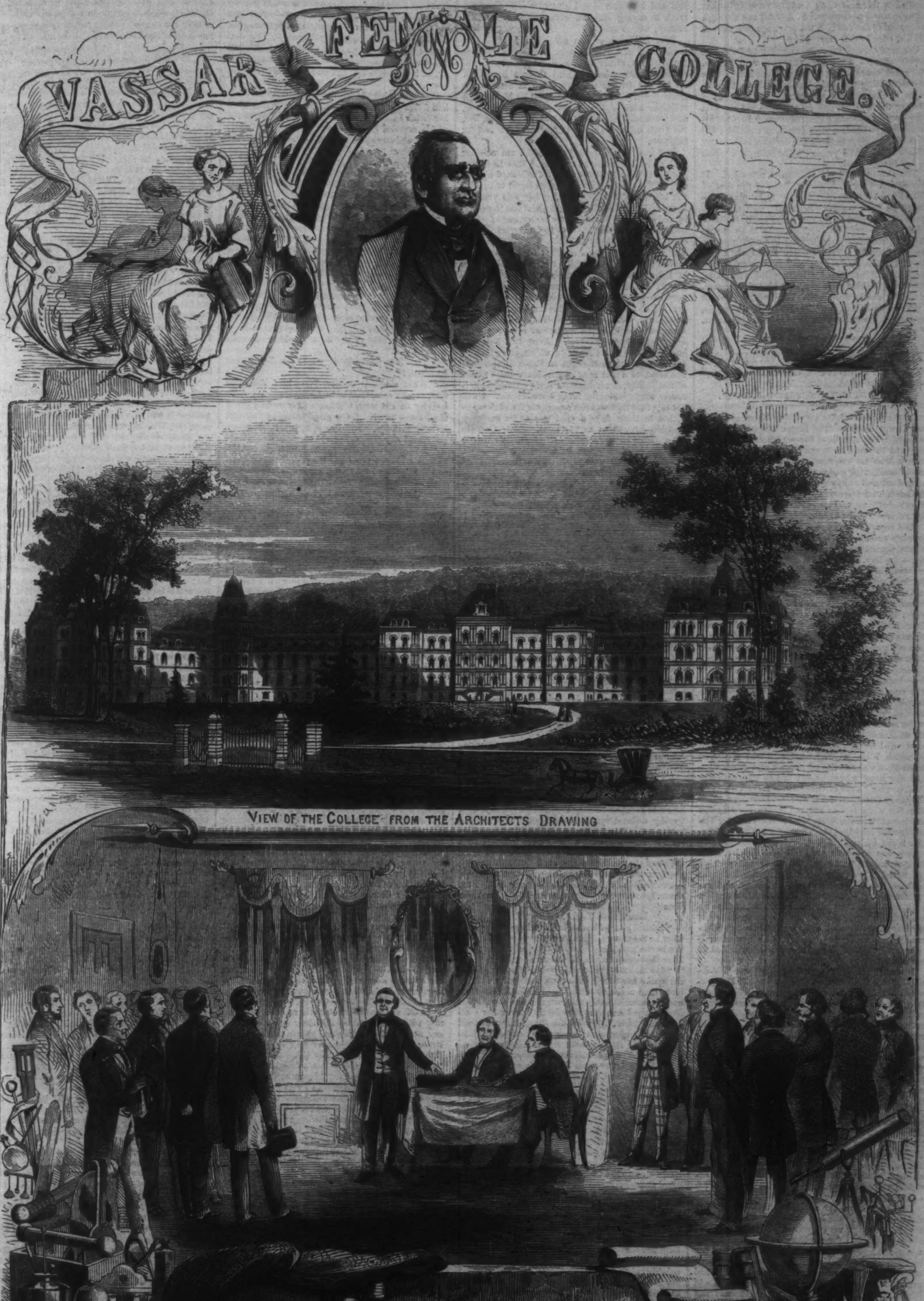
ON the 26th of February, at the Gregory House, in the city of Poughkeepsie, was enacted a scene which is almost without a parallel on the theatre of our country's history. Then and there MATTHEW VASSAR laid down on the altar of Christian benevolence the sum of *Four Hundred Thousand Dollars*—given by him to build and endow A COLLEGE FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN. Others, as Girard and Astor, have left by will an equal amount, to become available after their death; some, possibly—like Mr. Cooper, and the Lawrences of Boston—while living, have contributed, at different times and for various objects, an aggregate as large as the above; but no man in the United States, excepting Mr. Cooper, has ever in his lifetime, and by a single act, consecrated such a princely donation to the interests of humanity.

This event, destined to become of historic interest in the annals of philanthropy and benevolence, occurred in connection with the first meeting of the Trustees of VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, under a charter recently obtained from the Legislature.

The Board being organized by the election of Hon. William Kelly, Chairman, and Cyrus Swan, Secretary, Mr. Vassar addressed the Chair, stating his reasons for this appropriation of his funds, and expressing his views and wishes as to the principles on which the College should be founded; the system of instruction and government; and the most judicious investment and management of the funds. The moment when he pronounced the words, "And now, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have



THE COOPER UNION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.


VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.
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VIEW OF THE COLLEGE FROM THE ARCHITECTS DRAWING

PRESENTATION OF THE FUNDS TO THE TRUSTEES BY MATTHEW VASSAR ESQ.

devoted to this object, AS A SACRED TRUST"—that moment was a sublime one! A thrill ran through the assembly such as it is the privilege of a man to feel but once in this mortal life.

Our artist has given an accurate and spirited sketch of The Presentation of the Funds. The munificent Donor stands with one hand on the box containing the title-deeds, bonds and mortgages, stocks, and other securities; the other hand offering the key, resting on the open palm. His lofty purpose spreads a glow of enthusiasm over his face; his eye kindles with generous emotion; the lines of the mouth indicate the decision and energy with which he will prosecute the enterprise which he has inaugurated.

The College edifice will attract attention. It was designed by J. Renwick, Jun., of the firm of Renwick, Auchmuty, & Sands, from plans furnished by Professor Milo P. Jewett, now the President of the College. The building is to be of brick, four stories high, with capacity to accommodate 300 students, each having her own separate sleeping-room. It will contain a Chapel, Library, Art Gallery, Lecture and Recitation rooms, etc. It will be abundantly supplied with pure, soft water, lighted with gas, and heated by steam. It will be nearly fire-proof. The location is about a mile and a half east of the city of Poughkeepsie, on grounds embracing two hundred acres in extent.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER OF OXNEY COLNE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

In the parish of Oxney Colne there are only two decent houses. The larger and better is the parsonage, in which lived the parson and his daughter; and the smaller is the freehold residence of a certain Miss Le Smyrger. Miss Le Smyrger was an old maid, with a pedigree and blood of her own, a hundred and thirty acres of fee-simple land on the borders of Dartmoor, fifty years of age, a constitution of iron, and an opinion of her own on every subject under the sun.

And now for the parson and his daughter. The parson's name was Woolsworthy—or Woolathy as it was pronounced by all those who lived around him—the Rev. Saul Woolsworthy; and his daughter was Patience Woolsworthy, or Miss Patty, as she was known to the Devonshire world of those parts. That name of Patience had not been well chosen for her, for she was a hot-tempered damsel, warm in her convictions, and inclined to express them freely. She had but two closely intimate friends in the world, and by both of them this freedom of expression had been fully permitted to her since she was a child. Miss Le Smyrger and her father were well accustomed to her ways, and on the whole well satisfied with them. The former was equally free and equally warm-tempered as herself, and as Mr. Woolsworthy was allowed by his daughter to be quite paramount on his own subject—for he had a subject—he did not object to his daughter being paramount on all others. A pretty girl was Patience Woolsworthy at the time of which I am writing, and one who possessed much that was worthy of remark and admiration had she lived where beauty meets with admiration, or where force of character is remarked. But at Oxney Colne, on the borders of Dartmoor, there were few to appreciate her, and it seemed as though she herself had but little idea of carrying her talent further afield, so that it might not remain forever wrapped in a blanket.

She was a pretty girl, tall and slender, with dark eyes and black hair. Her eyes were perhaps too round for regular beauty, and her hair was perhaps too crisp; her mouth was large and expressive; her nose was finely formed, though a critic in female form might have declared it to be somewhat broad. But her countenance altogether was very attractive—if only it might be seen without that resolution for dominion which occasionally marred it, though sometimes it even added to her attractions.

It must be confessed on behalf of Patience Woolsworthy that the circumstances of her life had peremptorily called upon her to exercise dominion. She had lost her mother when she was sixteen, and had had neither brother nor sister. She had no neighbors near her fit either from education or rank to interfere in the conduct of her life, excepting always Miss Le Smyrger. Miss Le Smyrger would have done any thing for her, including the whole management of her morals and of the parsonage household, had Patience been content with such an arrangement. But much as Patience had ever loved Miss Le Smyrger, she was not content with this, and therefore she had been called on to put forth a strong hand of her own. She had put forth this strong hand early, and hence had come the character which I am attempting to describe. But I must say on behalf of this girl that it was not only over others that she thus exercised dominion. In acquiring that power she had also acquired the much greater power of exercising rule over herself.

She had taken her outlook into life, weighing the things which she had and those which she had not, in a manner very unusual, and, as a rule, not always desirable for a young lady. The things which she had not were very many. She had not society; she had not a fortune; she had not any assurance of future means of livelihood; she had not high hope of procuring for herself a position in life by marriage; she had not that excitement and pleasure in life which she read of in such books as found their way down to Oxney Colne Parsonage. It would be easy to add to the list of the things which she had not; and this list against herself she made out with the utmost vigor. The things which she had, or those rather which she assured herself of having, were much more easily counted. She had the birth and education of a lady, the strength of a healthy woman, and a will of her own. Such was the list as she made it out for herself, and I protest that I assert no more than the truth in saying that she never added to it either beauty, wit, or talent.

Miss Le Smyrger was not given to extensive hospitality, and it was only to those who were bound to her, either by ties of blood or of very old friendship, that she delighted to open her doors. As her old friends were very few in number, as those few lived at a distance, and as her nearest relations were higher in the world than she was, and were said by herself to look down upon her, the visits made to Oxney Combe were few and far between.

But now, at the period of which I am writing, such a visit was about to be made. Miss Le Smyrger had a younger sister who had inherited a property in the parish of Oxney Colne equal to that of the lady who now lived there; but this younger sister had inherited beauty also, and she therefore, in early life, had found sundry lovers, one of whom became her husband. She had married a man even then well to do in the world, but now rich and almost mighty; a member of Parliament, a lord of this and that board, a man who had a house in Eaton Square, and a park in the north of England; and in this way her course of life had been very much divided from that of our Miss Le Smyrger. But the lord of the Government board had been blessed with various children, and perhaps it was now thought expedient to look after Aunt Penelope's Devonshire acres. Aunt Penelope was empowered to leave them to whom she pleased; and though it was thought in Eaton Square that she must, as a matter of course, leave them to one of the family, nevertheless a little cousinly intercourse might make the thing more certain. I will not say that this was the sole cause for such a visit, but in these days a visit was to be made by Captain Broughton to his aunt. Now Captain John Broughton was the second son of Alfonso Broughton, of Clapham Park and Eaton Square, Member of Parliament, and Lord of the aforesaid Government Board.

"And what do you mean to do with him?" Patience Woolsworthy asked of Miss Le Smyrger when that lady walked over from the Combe to say that her nephew John was to arrive on the following morning.

"Do with him? Why, I shall bring him over here to talk to your father."

"He'll be too fashionable for that, and papa won't trouble his head about him if he finds that he doesn't care for Dartmoor."

"Then he may fall in love with you, my dear."

"Well, yes; there's that resource at any rate, and for your sake I dare say I should be more civil to him than papa. But he'll soon get tired of making love to me, and what you'll do then I can not imagine."

Captain Broughton came to Oxney Combe, staid there a fortnight—the intended period for his projected visit having been fixed at three or four days—and then went his way. He went his way back to his London haunts, the time of the year then being the close of the Easter holidays; but as he did so he told his aunt that he should assuredly return to her in the autumn.

"And assuredly I shall be happy to see you, John—if you come with a certain purpose. If you have no such purpose you had better remain away."

"I shall assuredly come," the Captain had replied, and then he had gone on his journey.

The summer passed rapidly by, and very little was said between Miss Le Smyrger and Miss Woolsworthy about Captain Broughton. In many respects—nay, I may say, as to all ordinary matters—no two women could well be more intimate with each other than they were; and more than that, they had the courage each to talk to the other with absolute truth as to things concerning themselves—a courage in which dear friends often fail. But, nevertheless, very little was said between them about Captain John Broughton. All that was said may be here repeated.

"John says that he shall return here in August," Miss Le Smyrger said, as Patience was sitting with her in the parlor at Oxney Combe, on the morning after that gentleman's departure,

"He told me so himself," said Patience; and as she spoke her round dark eyes assumed a look of more than ordinary self-will. If Miss Le Smyrger had intended to carry the conversation any further she changed her mind as she looked at her companion. Then, as I said, the summer ran by, and toward the close of the warm days of July, Miss Le Smyrger, sitting in the same chair in the same room, again took up the conversation.

"I got a letter from John this morning. He says that he shall be here on the third."

"Does he?"

"He is very punctual to the time he named."

"Yes; I fancy that he is a punctual man," said Patience.

"I hope that you will be glad to see him," said Miss Le Smyrger.

"Very glad to see him," said Patience, with a bold, clear voice; and then the conversation was again dropped, and nothing further was said till after Captain Broughton's second arrival in the parish.

Four months had then passed since his departure, and during that time Miss Woolsworthy had performed all her usual daily duties in their accustomed course. No one could discover that she had been less careful in her household matters than had been her wont, less willing to go among her poor neighbors, or less assiduous in her attentions to her father. But not the less was there a feeling in the minds of those around her that some great change had come upon her. She would sit during the long summer evenings on a certain spot outside the parsonage orchard, at the top of a small sloping field in which their solitary cow was always pastured, with a book on her knees before her, but rarely reading. There she would sit, with the beautiful view down to the winding river below her, watching the setting sun, and thinking, thinking, thinking—thinking of something of which she had never spoken. Often would Miss Le Smyrger come upon her there, and sometimes would pass by her even without a word; but never—never once did she dare to ask her of the matter of her thoughts. But she knew the matter well enough. No confession was necessary to inform her that Patience Woolsworthy was in love with John Broughton—ay, in love, to the full and entire loss of her whole heart.

On one evening she was so sitting till the July sun had fallen and hidden himself for the night, when her father came upon her as he returned from one of his rambles on the moor. "Patty," he said, "you are always sitting there now. Is it not late? Will you not be cold?"

"No, papa," she said, "I shall not be cold."

"But won't you come to the house? I miss you when you come in so late that there's no time to say a word before we go to bed."

She got up and followed him into the parsonage, and when they were in the sitting-room together, and the door was closed, she came up to him and kissed him. "Papa," she said, "would it make you very unhappy if I were to leave you?"

"Leave me!" he said, startled by the serious and almost solemn tone of her voice. "Do you mean for always?"

"If I were to marry, papa?"

"Oh, marry! No; that would not make me unhappy. It would make me very happy, Patty, to see you married to a man you would love—very, very happy; though my days would be desolate without you."

"That is it, papa. What would you do if I went from you?"

"What would it matter, Patty? I should be free, at any rate, from a load which often presses heavily on me now. What will you do when I shall leave you? A few more years, and all will be over with me. But who is it, love? Has any body said any thing to you?"

"It was only an idea, papa. I don't often think of such a thing; but I did think of it then." And so the subject was allowed to pass by. This had happened before the day of the second arrival had been absolutely fixed and made known to Miss Woolsworthy.

And then that second arrival took place. The reader may have understood from the words with which Miss Le Smyrger authorized her nephew to make his second visit to Oxney Combe that Miss Woolsworthy's passion was not altogether unauthorized. Captain Broughton had been told that he was not to come unless he came with a certain purpose; and having been so told, he still persisted in coming. There can be no doubt but that he well understood the purport to which his aunt alluded. "I shall assuredly come," he had said. And true to his word, he was now there.

Patience knew exactly the hour at which he must arrive at the station at Newton Abbot, and the time also which it would take to travel over those twelve up-hill miles from the station to Oxney. It need hardly be said that she paid no visit to Miss Le Smyrger's house on that afternoon; but she might have known something of Captain Broughton's approach without going thither. His road to the Combe passed by the parsonage-gate, and had Patience sat even at her bedroom window she must have seen him. But on such an evening she would not sit at her bedroom window—she would do nothing which would force her to accuse herself of a restless longing for her lover's coming. It was for him to seek her. If he chose to do so, he knew the way to the parsonage.

Miss Le Smyrger—good, dear, honest, hearty Miss Le Smyrger, was in a fever of anxiety on behalf of her friend.

"John," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "do you remember the last words that I said to you before you went away?" Now, for myself, I much admire Miss Le Smyrger's heartiness, but I do not think much of her discretion. It would have been better, perhaps, had she allowed things to take their course.

"I can't say that I do," said the Captain. At the same time the Captain did remember very well what those last words had been.

"I am so glad to see you, so delighted to see you, if—if—if—" and then she paused, for with all her courage she hardly dared to ask her nephew whether he had come there with the express purport of asking Miss Woolsworthy to marry him.

To tell the truth—for there is no room for mystery within the limits of this short story—to tell, I say, at a word the plain and simple truth, Captain Broughton had already asked that question. On the day before he left Oxney Colne he had in set terms proposed to the parson's daughter, and, indeed, the words, the hot and frequent words, which previously to that had fallen like sweetest honey into the ears of Patience Woolsworthy, had made it imperative on him to do so. When a man in such a place as that has talked to a girl of love day after day, must not he talk of it to some definite purpose on the day on which he leaves her? Or if he do not, must he not submit to be regarded as false, selfish, and almost fraudulent? Captain Broughton, however, had asked the question honestly and truly. He had done so honestly and truly, but in words, or, perhaps, simply with a tone, that had hardly sufficed to satisfy the proud spirit of the girl he loved. She by that time had confessed to herself that she loved him with all her heart; but she had made no such confession to him. To him she had spoken no word, granted no favor, that any lover might rightfully regard as a token of love returned. She had listened to him as he spoke, and bade him keep such sayings for the drawing-rooms of his fashionable friends. Then he had spoken out and had asked for that hand—not, perhaps, as a suitor tremulous with hope—but as a rich man who knows that he can command that which he desires to purchase.

"You should think more of this," she had said to him at last. "If you would really have me for your wife, it will not be much to you to return here again when time for thinking of it shall have passed by." With these words she had dismissed him, and now he had again come back to Oxney Colne. But still she would not place herself at the window to look for him, nor dress herself in other than her simple morning country dress, nor omit one item of her daily work. If he wished to take her at all, he should wish to take her as she really was, in her plain country life, but he should take her also with full observance of all those privileges which maidens are allowed to claim from their lovers. He should curtail no ceremonious observance because she was the daughter of a poor country parson who would come to him without a shilling, whereas he stood high in the world's books. He had asked her to give him all that she had, and that all she was ready to give without stint. But the gift must be valued before it could be given or received. He also was to give her as much, and she would accept it as being beyond all price. But she would not allow that that which was offered to her was in any degree the more precious because of his outward worldly standing.

She would not pretend to herself that she thought he would come to her that afternoon, and therefore she busied herself in the kitchen, and about the house, giving directions to her two maids as though the day would pass as all other days did pass in that household. They usually dined at four, and she rarely, in these summer months, went far from the house before that hour. At four precisely she sat down with her father, and then said that she was going up as far as Helpholme after dinner. Helpholme was a solitary farm-house in another parish, on the border of the moor, and Mr. Woolsworthy asked her whether he should accompany her.

"Do, papa," she said, "if you are not too tired." And yet she had thought how probable it might be that she should meet John Broughton on her walk. And so it was arranged; but, just as dinner was over, Mr. Woolsworthy remembered himself.

"Gracious me," he said, "how my memory is going! Gribbles, from Ivybridge, and old John Poulter, from Bovey, are coming to meet here by appointment. You can't put Helpholme off till to-morrow?"

Patience, however, never put off any thing, and therefore at six o'clock, when her father had finished his slender modicum of toddy, she tied on her hat and went on her walk. She started forth with a quick step, and left no word to say by which route she would go. As she passed up along the little lane which led toward Oxney Combe she would not even look to see if he was coming toward her; and when she left the road, passing over a stone stile into a little path which ran first through the upland fields, and then across the moor ground toward Helpholme, she did not look back once, or listen for his coming step.

She paid her visit, remaining upward of an hour with the old bedridden mother of the farmer of Helpholme. "God bless you, my darling!" said the old lady as she left her; "and send you some one to make your own path bright and happy through the world." These words were still ringing in her ears with all their significance as she saw John Broughton waiting for her at the first stile which she had to pass after leaving the farmer's haggard.

"Patty," he said, as he took her hand, and held it close within both his own, "what a chase I have had after you!"

"And who asked you, Captain Broughton?" she answered, smiling. "If the journey was too much for your poor London strength, could you not have waited till to-morrow morning, when you would have found me at the parsonage?" But she did not draw her hand away from him, or in any way pretend that he had not a right to accost her as a lover.

"No; I could not wait. I am more eager to see those I love than you seem to be."

"How do you know whom I love, or how eager I might be to see them? There is an old woman there whom I love, and I have thought nothing of this walk with the object of seeing her." And now, slowly drawing her hand away from him, she pointed to the farm-house which she had left.

"Patty," he said, after a minute's pause, during which she had looked full into his face with all the force of her bright eyes; "I have come from London to day, straight down here to Oxney, and from my aunt's house close upon your footsteps after you, to ask you that one question. Do you love me?"

"What a Hercules!" she said, again laughing. "Do you really mean that you left London only this morning? Why, you must have been five hours in a railway carriage and two in a post-chaise, not to talk of the walk afterward. You ought to take more care of yourself, Captain Broughton!"

He would have been angry with her—for he did not like to be quizzed—had she not put her hand on his arm as she spoke, and the softness of her touch had redeemed the offense of her words.

"All that have I done," said he, "that I may hear one word from you."

"That any word of mine should have such potency! But let us walk on, or my father will take us for some of the standing stones of the moor. How have you found your aunt? If you only knew the cares that have sat on her dear shoulders for the last week past, in order that your high mightiness might have a sufficiency to eat in these desolate half-starved regions."

"She might have saved herself such anxiety. No one can care less for such things than I do."

"And yet I think I have heard you boast of the cook of your club." And then again there was silence for a minute or two.

"Patty," said he, stopping again in the path; "answer my question. I have a right to demand an answer. Do you love me?"

"And what if I do? What if I have been so silly as to allow your perfections to be too many for my weak heart? What then, Captain Broughton?"

"It can not be that you love me, or you would not joke now."

"Perhaps not, indeed," she said. It seemed as though she were resolved not to yield an inch in her own humor. And then again they walked on.

"Patty," he said, once more, "I shall get an answer from you to-night—this evening; now, during this walk; or I shall return to-morrow, and never revisit this spot again."

"Oh, Captain Broughton, how should we ever manage to live without you?"

"Very well," he said; "up to the end of this walk I can bear it all; and one word spoken then will mend it all."

During the whole of this time she felt that she was ill-using him. She knew that she loved him with all her heart; that it would nearly kill her to part with him; that she had heard his renewed offer with an ecstasy of joy. She acknowledged to herself that he was giving proof of his devotion as strong as any which a girl could receive from her lover. And yet she could hardly bring herself to say the word he longed to hear. That word once said, and then she knew that she must succumb to her love forever! That word once said, and there would be nothing for her but to spoil him with her idolatry. That word once said, and she must continue to repeat it into his ears till perhaps he might be tired of hearing it! And now he had threatened her, and how could she speak it after that? She certainly would not speak it unless he asked her again without such a threat. And so they walked on again in silence.

"Patty," he said, at last, "by the heavens above us, you shall answer me. Do you love me?"

She now stood still, and almost trembled as she looked up into his face. She stood opposite to him for a moment, and then placing her two hands on his shoulders, she answered him. "I do, I do, I do," she said, "with all my heart; with all my heart—with all my heart and strength." And then her head fell upon his breast.

Captain Broughton was almost as much surprised as delighted by the warmth of the acknowledgment made by the eager-hearted, passionate girl whom he now held within his arms. She had said it now; the words had been spoken; and there was nothing for her but to swear to him over and over again with her sweetest oaths, that those words were true—true as her soul. And very sweet was the walk down from thence to the parsonage gate. He spoke no more of the distance of the ground, or the length of his day's journey. But he stopped her at every turn that he might press her arm the closer to his own, that he might look into the brightness of her eyes, and prolong his hour of delight. There were no more gibes now on her tongue, no raillery at his London finery, no laughing comments on his coming and going. With downright honesty she told him every thing: how she had loved him before her heart was warranted in such a passion; how, with much thinking, she had resolved that it would be unwise to take him at his first word, and had thought it better that he should return to London, and then think over it; how she had almost repented of her courage when she had feared, during those long summer days, that he would forget her; and how her heart had leaped for joy when her old friend had told her that he was coming.

"And yet," said he, "you were not glad to see me!"

"Oh, was I not glad? You can not understand the feelings of a girl who has lived secluded as I have done. Glad is no word for the joy I felt. But it was not seeing you that I cared for so much. It was the knowledge that you were near me once again. I almost wish now that I had not seen you till to-morrow." But as she spoke she pressed his arm, and this caress gave the lie to her last words.

"No; do not come in to-night," she said, when she reached the little wicket that led up to the parsonage. "Indeed you shall not. I could not behave myself properly if you did."

"But I don't want you to behave properly."

"Oh! I am to keep that for London, am I? But, nevertheless, Captain Broughton, I will not invite you either to tea or to supper to-night."

"Surely I may shake hands with your father."

"Not to-night—not till—. John, I may tell him, may I not? I must tell him at once."

"Certainly," said he.

"And then you shall see him to-morrow. Let me see—at what hour shall I bid you come?"

"To breakfast."

"No, indeed. What on earth would your aunt do with the broiled turkey and the cold pie? I have got no cold pie for you."

"I hate cold pie."

"What a pity! But, John, I should be forced to leave you directly after breakfast. Come down—come down at two or three; and then I will go back with you to Aunt Penelope. I must see her to-morrow." And so at last the matter was settled, and the happy Captain, as he left her, was hardly resisted in his attempt to press her lips to his own.

When she entered the parlor in which her father was sitting there still were Gribbles and Poulter discussing some knotty point of Devon lore. So Patience took off her hat, and sat herself down, waiting till they should go. For full an hour she had to wait, and then Gribbles and Poulter did go. But it was not in such matters as this that Patience Woolsworthy was impatient. She could wait, and wait, and wait, curbing herself for weeks and months, while the thing waited for was in her eyes good; but she could not curb her hot thoughts or her hot words when things came to be discussed which she did not think to be good.

"Papa," she said, when Gribbles's long-drawn last word had been spoken at the door, "do you remember how I asked you the other day what you would say if I were to leave you?"

"Yes, surely," he replied, looking up at her in astonishment.

"I am going to leave you now," she said. "Dear, dearest father, how am I to go from you?"

"Going to leave me," said he, thinking of her visit to Helpholme, and thinking of nothing else.

"Yes, dearest," she said; and as she spoke she now knelt at his knees. "I have been asked in marriage, and I have given myself away."

"Well, my love, if you will be happy—"

"I hope I shall; I think I shall. But you, papa?"

"You will not be far from us."

"Oh yes; in London."

"In London?"

"Captain Broughton lives in London generally."

"And has Captain Broughton asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, papa—who else? Is he not good? Will you not love him? Oh, papa, do not say that I am wrong to love him?"

He embraced her, and told her, with all his enthusiasm, that he rejoiced in her joy, and would be happy in her happiness. "My own Patty," he said, "I have ever known that you were too good for this life of ours here." And then the evening wore away into the night, with many tears but still with much happiness.

Captain Broughton, as he walked back to Oxney Combe, made up his mind that he would say nothing on the matter to his aunt till the next morning. He wanted to think over it all, and to think it over, if possible, by himself. He had taken a step in life, the most important that a man is ever called on to take, and he had to reflect whether or no he had taken it with wisdom.

"Have you seen her?" said Miss Le Smyrger, very anxiously, when he came into the drawing-room.

"Miss Woolsworthy you mean," said he. "Yes, I've seen her. As I found her out I took a long walk and happened to meet her. Do you know, aunt, I think I'll go to bed; I was up at five this morning, and have been on the move ever since."

Miss Le Smyrger perceived that she was to hear nothing that evening, so she handed him his candlestick and allowed him to go to his room.

But Captain Broughton did not immediately retire to bed, nor when he did so was he able to sleep at once. Had this step that he had taken been a wise one? He was not a man who, in worldly matters, had allowed things to arrange themselves for him, as is the case with so many men. He had formed views for himself, and had a theory of life. Money for money's sake he had declared to himself to be bad. Money as a concomitant to things which were in themselves good he had declared to himself to be good also. That concomitant, in this affair of his marriage, he had now missed. Well, he had made up his mind to that, and would put up with the loss. He had means of living of his own, though means not so extensive as might have been desirable. That it would be well for him to become a married man, looking merely to that state of life as opposed to his present state, he had fully resolved. On that point, therefore, there was nothing to repent. That Patty Woolsworthy was good, affectionate, clever, and beautiful he was sufficiently satisfied. It would be odd indeed if he were not so satisfied now, seeing that for the last four months he had declared to himself daily that she was so with many inward asseverations. And yet, though he repeated now again that he was satisfied, I do not think that he was so fully satisfied of it as he had been throughout the whole of those four months. It is sad to say so, but I fear—I fear that such was the case. When you have your plaything how much of the anticipated pleasure vanishes, especially if it have been won easily!

So far he got that night; when the morning came he went a step further, and began mentally to criticise her manner to himself. It had been very sweet, that warm, that full, that ready declaration of love. Yes, it had been very sweet; but—but—when, after her little jokes, she did confess her love, had she not been a little too free for feminine excellence? A man likes to be told that he is loved, but he hardly wishes that the girl he is to marry should fling herself at his head!

Ah me! yes; it was thus he argued to himself as on that morning he went through the arrangements of his toilet. "Then he was a brute," you say, my pretty reader. I have never said that he was not a brute. But this I remark, that many such brutes are to be met with in the beaten paths of the world's high highway. The heart of this country-bred girl had fallen at the first word from his mouth. Had she not so confessed to him? She was very nice—very nice indeed. He loved her dearly. But had he not sold himself too cheaply?

I by no means say that he was not a brute. But whether brute or no, he was an honest man, and had no remotest dream, either then, on that morning, or during the following days on which such thoughts pressed more thickly on his mind, of breaking away from his pledged word. At breakfast on that morning he told all to Miss Le Smyrger, and that lady, with warm and gracious intentions, confided to him her purpose regarding her property. "I have always regarded Patience as my heir," she said, "and shall do so still."

"Oh, indeed!" said Captain Broughton.

"But it is a great, great pleasure to me to think that she will give back the little property to my sister's child. You will have your mother's, and thus it will all come together again."

"Ah!" said Captain Broughton. He had his own ideas about property, and did not, even under existing circumstances, like to hear that his aunt considered herself at liberty to leave the acres away to one who was by blood quite a stranger to the family.

"Does Patience know of this?" he asked.

"Not a word," said Miss Le Smyrger. And then nothing more was said upon the subject.

On that afternoon he went down and received the parson's benediction and congratulations with a good grace. Patience said very little on the occasion, and indeed was absent during the greater part of the interview. The two lovers then walked up to Oxney Combe, and there were more benedictions and more congratulations. "All went merry as a marriage bell," at any rate as far as Patience was concerned. Not a word had yet fallen from that dear mouth, not a look had yet come over that handsome face, which tended in any way to mar her bliss. Her first day of acknowledged love was a day altogether happy, and when she prayed for him as she knelt beside her bed there was no feeling in her mind that any fear need disturb her joy.

I will pass over the next three or four days very quickly, merely saying that Patience did not find them so pleasant as that first day after her engagement. There was something in her lover's manner—something which at first she could not define—which by degrees seemed to grate against her feelings. He was sufficiently affectionate, that being a matter on which she did not require much demonstration; but joined to his affection there seemed to be—she hardly liked to suggest to herself a harsh word, but could it be possible that he was beginning to think that she was not good enough for him? And then she asked herself the question—was she good enough for him? If there were doubt about that, the match should be broken off, though she tore her own heart out in the struggle. The truth, however, was this—that he had begun that teaching which he had already found to be so necessary. Now, had any one essayed to teach Patience German or mathematics, with that young lady's free consent, I believe that she would have been found a meek scholar. But it was not probable that she would be meek when she found a self-appointed tutor teaching her manners and conduct without her consent.

So matters went on for four or five days, and on the evening of the fifth day Captain Broughton and his aunt drank tea at the parsonage. Nothing very especial occurred; but as the parson and Miss Le Smyrger insisted on playing backgammon with devoted perseverance during the whole evening, Broughton had a good opportunity of saying a word or two about those changes in his ladylove which a life in London would require; and some word he said also—some single slight word—as to the higher station in life to which he would exalt his bride. Patience bore it—for her father and Miss Le Smyrger were in the room—she bore it well, speaking no syllable of anger, and enduring, for the moment, the implied scorn of the old parsonage. Then the evening broke up, and Captain Broughton walked back to Oxney Combe with his aunt.

"Patty," her father said to her before they went to bed, "he seems to me to be a most excellent young man."

"Dear papa," she answered, kissing him.

"And terribly deep in love," said Mr. Woolsworthy.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she answered, as she left him, with her sweetest smile. But though she could thus smile at her father's joke, she had already made up her mind that there was still something to be learned as to her promised husband before she could place herself altogether in his hands. She would ask him whether he thought himself liable to injury from this proposed marriage; and though he should deny any such thought, she would know from the manner of his denial what his true feelings were.

And he, too, on that night, during his silent walk with Miss Le Smyrger, had entertained some similar thoughts. "I fear she is obstinate," he had said to himself, and then he had half accused her of being sullen also. "If that be her temper, what a life of misery I have before me!"

"Have you fixed a day yet?" his aunt asked him as they came near to her house.

"No, not yet: I don't know whether it will suit me to fix it before I leave."

"Why, it was but the other day you were in such a hurry."

"Ah—yes—I have thought more about it since then."

"I should have imagined that this would depend on what Patty thinks," said Miss Le Smyrger, standing up for the privileges of her sex. "It is presumed that the gentleman is always ready as soon as the lady will consent."

"Yes, in ordinary cases it is so; but when a girl is taken out of her own sphere—"

"Her own sphere! Let me caution you, Master John, not to talk to Patty about her own sphere."

"Aunt Penelope, as Patience is to be my wife and not yours, I must claim permission to speak to her on such subjects as may seem suitable to me." And then they parted—not in the best humor with each other.

On the following day Captain Broughton and Miss Woolsworthy did not meet till the evening. She had said, before those few ill-omened words had passed her lover's lips, that she would probably be at Miss Le Smyrger's house on the following morning. Those ill-omened words did pass her lover's lips, and then she remained at home. This did not come from sullenness, nor even from anger, but from a conviction that it would be well that she should think much before she met him again. Nor was he anxious to hurry a meeting. His thought—his base thought—was this: that she would be sure to come up to the Combe after him; but she did not come, and therefore in the evening he went down to her, and asked her to walk with him.

They went away by the path that led to Helpholme, and little was said between them till they had walked some mile together. Patience, as she went along the path, remembered almost to the letter the sweet words which had greeted her ears as she came down that way with him on the night of his arrival; but he remembered nothing of that sweetness then. Had he not made an ass of himself during these last six months? That was the thought which very much had possession of his mind.

"Patience," he said at last, having hitherto spoken only an indifferent word now and again since they had left the parsonage, "Patience, I hope you realize the importance of the step which you and I are about to take?"

"Of course I do," she answered: "what an odd question that is for you to ask!"

"Because," said he, "sometimes I almost doubt it. It seems to me as though you thought you could remove yourself from here to your new home with no more trouble than when you go from home up to the Combe."

"Is that meant for a reproach, John?"

"No, not for a reproach, but for advice. Certainly not for a reproach."

"I am glad of that."

"But I should wish to make you think how great is the leap in the world which you are about to take." Then again they walked on for many steps before she answered him.

"Tell me, then, John," she said, when she had sufficiently considered what words she would speak; and as she spoke a dark bright color suffused her face, and her eyes flashed almost with anger. "What leap do you mean? Do you mean a leap upward?"

"Well, yes; I hope it will be so."

"In one sense, certainly, it would be a leap upward. To be the wife of the man I loved; to have the privilege of holding his happiness in my hand; to know that I was his own—the companion whom he had chosen out of all the world—that would, indeed, be a leap upward; a leap almost to Heaven, if all that were so. But if you mean upward in any other sense—"

"I was thinking of the social scale."

"Then, Captain Broughton, your thoughts were doing me dishonor."

"Doing you dishonor!"

"Yes, doing me dishonor. That your father is, in the world's esteem, a greater man than mine is doubtless true enough. That you, as a man, are richer than I am as a woman is doubtless also true. But you dishonor me, and yourself also, if these things can weigh with you now."

"Patience—I think you can hardly know what words you are saying to me."

"Pardon me, but I think I do. Nothing that you can give me—no gifts of that description—can weigh aught against that which I am giving you. If you had all the wealth and rank of the greatest lord in the land, it would count as nothing in such a scale. If—as I have not doubted—if in return for my heart you have given me yours, then—then—then you have paid me fully. But when gifts such as those are going, nothing else can count even as a make-weight."

"I do not quite understand you," he answered, after a pause. "I fear you are a little high-flown." And then, while the evening was still early, they walked back to the parsonage almost without another word.

Captain Broughton at this time had only one more full day to remain at Oxney Colne. On the afternoon following that he was to go as far as Exeter, and thence return to London. Of course it was to be expected that the wedding-day would be fixed before he went, and much had been said about it during the first day or two of his engagement. Then he had pressed for an early time, and Patience, with a girl's usual diffidence, had asked for some little delay. But now nothing was said on the subject; and how was it probable that such a matter could be settled after such a conversation as that which I have related? That evening, Miss Le Smyrger asked whether the day had been fixed. "No," said Captain Broughton, harshly; "nothing has been fixed." "But it will be arranged before you go." "Probably not," he said; and then the subject was dropped for the time.

"John," she said, just before she went to bed, "if there be any thing wrong between you and Patience, I conjure you to tell me."

"You had better ask her," he replied. "I can tell you nothing."

On the following morning he was much surprised by seeing Patience on the gravel path before Miss Le Smyrger's gate immediately after breakfast. He went to the door to open it for her, and she, as she gave him her hand, told him that she came up to speak to him. There was no hesitation in her manner, nor any look of anger in her face. But there was in her gait and form, in her voice and countenance, a fixedness of purpose which he had never seen before, or at any rate had never acknowledged.

"Certainly," said he. "Shall I come out with you, or will you come up stairs?"

"We can sit down in the summer-house," she said; and thither they both went.

"Captain Broughton," she said—and she began her task the moment that they were both seated—"You and I have engaged ourselves as man and wife, but perhaps we have been over-rash."

"How so?" said he.

"It may be—and indeed I will say more—it is the case that we have made this engagement without knowing enough of each other's character."

"I have not thought so."

"The time will perhaps come when you will so think, but for the sake of all that we most value, let it come before it is too late. What would be our fate—how terrible would be our misery, if such a thought should come to either of us after we have linked our lots together!"

There was a solemnity about her as she thus spoke which almost repressed him—which for a time did prevent him from taking that tone of authority which on such a subject he would choose to adopt. But he recovered himself. "I hardly think that this comes well from you," he said.

"From whom else should it come? Who else can fight my battle for me; and, John, who else can fight that same battle on your behalf? I tell you this, that with your mind standing toward me as it does stand at present, you could not give me your hand at the altar with true words and a happy conscience. Is it not true? You have half repented of your bargain already. Is it not so?"

He did not answer her; but getting up from his seat walked to the front of the summer-house, and stood there with his back turned upon her. It was not that he meant to be ungracious, but in truth he did not know how to answer her. He had half repented of his bargain.

"John," she said, getting up and following him so that she could put her hand upon his arm, "I have been very angry with you."

"Angry with me!" he said, turning sharp upon her.

"Yes, angry with you. You would have treated me like a child. But that feeling has gone now. I am not angry now. There is my hand; the hand of a friend. Let the words that have been spoken between us be as though they had not been spoken. Let us both be free."

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Certainly I mean it." As she spoke these words her eyes were filled with tears in spite of all the efforts she could make to restrain them; but he was not looking at her, and her efforts had sufficed to prevent any sob from being audible.

"With all my heart," he said; and it was manifest from his tone that he had no thought of her happiness as he spoke. It was true that she had been angry with him—angry, as she had herself declared; but nevertheless, in what she had said and what she had done she had thought more of his happiness than of her own. Now she was angry once again.

"With all your heart, Captain Broughton! Well, so be it. If with all your heart, then is the necessity so much the greater. You go to-morrow. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Patience, I am not going to be lectured."

"Certainly not by me. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Yes, if you are determined."

"I am determined. Farewell, Captain Broughton. You have all my wishes for your happiness." And she held out her hand to him.

"Patience!" he said. And he looked at her with a dark frown, as though he would strive to frighten her into submission. If so, he might have saved himself any such attempt.

"Farewell, Captain Broughton. Give me your hand, for I can not stay." He gave her his hand, hardly knowing why he did so. She lifted it to her lips and kissed it, and then, leaving him, passed from the summer-house down through the wicket-gate, and straight home to the parsonage.

During the whole of that day she said no word to any one of what had occurred. When she was once more at home she went about her household affairs as she had done on that day of his arrival. When she sat down to dinner with her father he observed nothing to make him think that she was unhappy; nor during the evening was there any expression in her face, or any tone in her voice, which excited his attention. On the following morning Captain Broughton called at the parsonage, and the servant-girl brought word to her mistress that he was in the parlor. But she would not see him. "Laws, miss, you ain't a quarreled with your beau?" the poor girl said. "No, not quarreled," she said; "but give him that." It was a scrap of paper containing a word or two in pencil. "It is better that we should not meet again. God bless you!" And from that day to this, now more than ten years, they never have met.

"Papa," she said to her father that afternoon, "dear papa, do not be angry with me. It is all over between me and John Broughton. Dearest, you and I will not be separated."

It would be useless here to tell how great was the old man's surprise, and how true his sorrow. As the tale was told to him no cause was given for anger with any one. Not a word was spoken against the suitor, who had on that day returned to London with a full conviction that now at least he was relieved from his engagement. "Patty, my darling child," he said, "may God grant that it be for the best!"

"It is for the best," she answered, stoutly. "For this place I am fit; and I much doubt whether I am fit for any other."

On that day she did not see Miss Le Smyrger, but on the following morning, knowing that Captain Broughton had gone off—having heard the wheels of the carriage as they passed by the parsonage gate on his way to the station—she walked up to the Combe.

"He has told you, I suppose?" said she.

"Yes," said Miss Le Smyrger. "And I will never see him again unless he asks your pardon on his knees. I have told him so. I would not even give him my hand as he went."

"But why so, thou kindest one? The fault was mine more than his."

"I understand. I have eyes in my head," said the old maid. "I have watched him for the last four or five days. If you could have kept the truth to yourself and bade him keep off from you, he would have been at your feet now, licking the dust from your shoes."

"But, dear friend, I do not want a man to lick dust from my shoes."

"Ah, you are a fool. You do not know the value of your own wealth."

"True; I have been a fool. I was a fool to think that one coming from such a life as he has led could be happy with such as I am. I know the truth now. I have bought the lesson dearly, but perhaps not too dearly, seeing that it will never be forgotten."

There was but little more said about the matter between our three friends at Oxney Colne. What, indeed, could be said? Miss Le Smyrger for a year or two still expected that her nephew would return and claim his bride; but he has never done so, nor has there been any correspondence between them.

Patience Woolsworthy had learned her lesson dearly. She had given her whole heart to the man; and, though she so bore herself that no one was aware of the violence of the struggle, nevertheless the struggle within her bosom was very violent. She never told herself that she had done wrong; she never regretted her loss; but yet—yet!—the loss was very hard to bear. He also had loved her, but he was not capable of a love which could do much injury to his daily peace. Her daily peace was gone for many a day to come.

Her father is still living; but there is a curate now in the parish. In conjunction with him and with Miss Le Smyrger she spends her time in the concerns of the parish. In her own eyes she is a confirmed old maid; and such is my opinion also. The romance of her life was played out in that summer.

Patience never sits now lonely on the hill-side thinking how much she might do for one whom she really loved. But with a large heart she loves many, and, with no romance, she works hard to lighten the burdens of those she loves.

As for Captain Broughton, all the world knows that he did marry that great heiress with whom his name was once before connected, and that he is now a useful member of Parliament, working on committees three or four days a week with a zeal that is indefatigable. Sometimes, not often, as he thinks of Patience Woolsworthy a smile comes across his face.

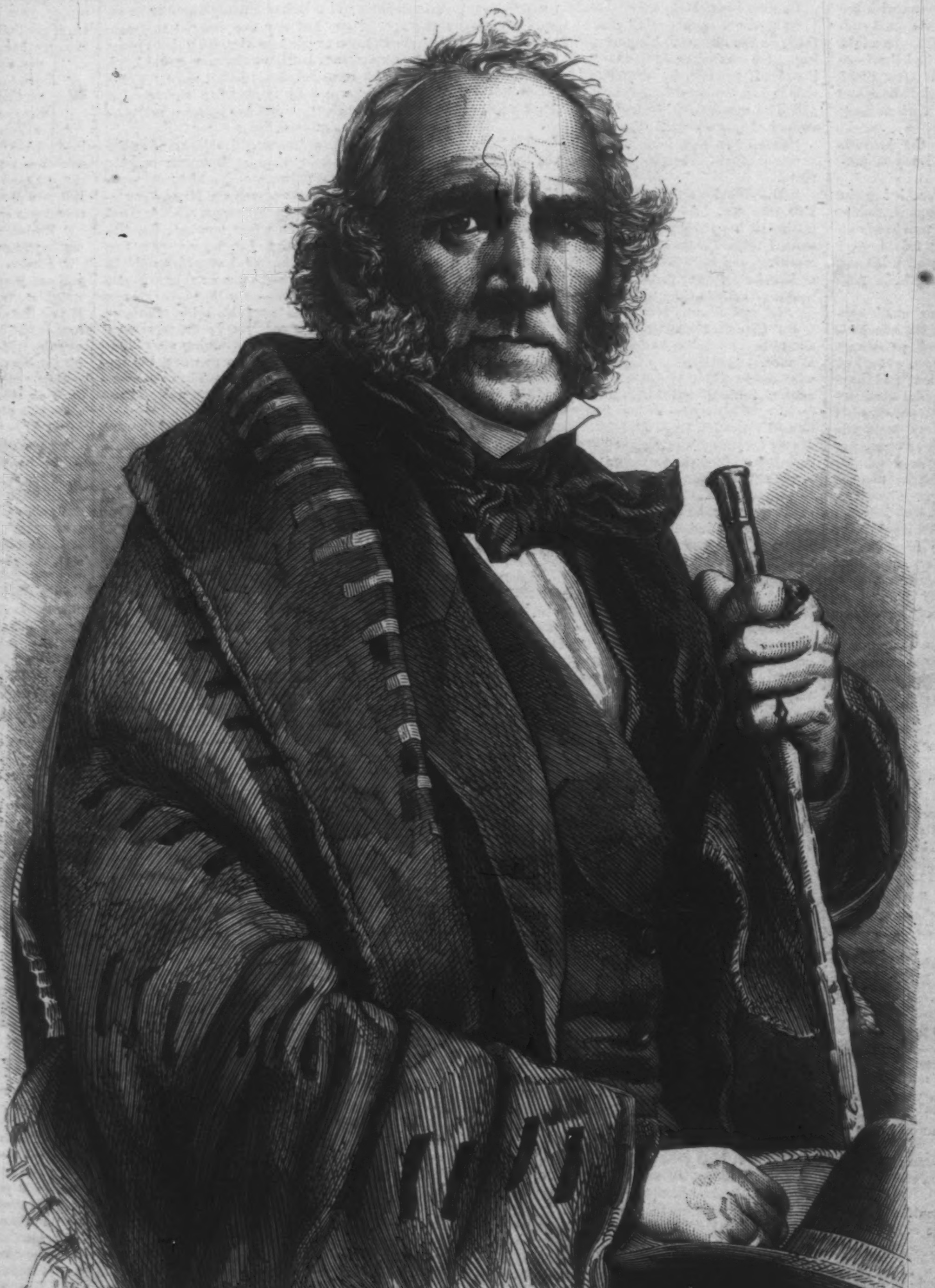
GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

The accompanying portrait of General Sam Houston, Governor of Texas, will be recognized by all who know the old hero. Even those who remember him as he was two years ago, when he wore a heavy mustache, will readily recall the noble brow and the fierce eye.

Probably no man in this country has led so adventurous a life as Sam Houston. Born, sixty-eight years ago, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, he lost his father when very young, and removed with his mother to the confines of the forest in Tennessee. Here he grew up as best he could, associating much with Indians and imbibing a fondness for their rude mode of life. As he reached manhood he tried to earn a living as a schoolmaster, and then as a clerk in a country store. But neither pursuit pleased his fancy, and in 1813, when General Jackson called for volunteers to fight the Creeks, Sam Houston responded to the call. He won credit during the campaign; when it ended, he had risen to the rank of lieutenant. But as there was no more fighting to be done then, he laid down the sword, studied law at Nashville, and soon rose to be a prominent lawyer and politician. In 1823, he went to Congress from his district in Tennessee; in 1827, he was elected Governor. In 1829, a fit of restlessness seized him. He resigned his post as Governor; tried life a while in Arkansas, where the frauds practiced by the Government Agents upon the Indians disgusted him; went to Washington, to endeavor to have his red friends righted, and found himself involved in no end of lawsuits with the rogues whom he sought to expose; became a good deal disgusted with every thing and every body, and finally migrated to Texas.

Texas was then about to be admitted as a State of the Mexican Union. It was in a miserable condition. Its people comprised among them the worst vagabonds and scoundrels in the world. When a man was so infamous and hopeless that he could not ship on board a whaler, he went to Texas. There was no money in the country, no trade, no industry, very little judicious agriculture. The whole State was overrun by wild bands of Indians, Comanches, Apaches, etc., who regarded the white man as an invader and robber, and shot him whenever they could. This was the condition of Texas when the people met, adopted a Constitution, and asked admission to the Mexican Confederacy—the American Sam Houston being elected as their first Governor.

Santa Aña refused, Texas declared its independence, and war was begun. The Texans organized a militia, and elected General Austin Commander-in-Chief. Austin soon gave way to Houston, and after a brief campaign he met Santa Aña at San Jacinto, in April, 1836, and totally routed him. The Mexican President was taken prisoner, and in the agony of defeat was forced to acknowledge the independence of Texas.



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

For eight years, during which General Houston was twice President, Texas was an independent nation. But its independence was intolerable. There was still no money, no credit, no commerce, no industry, no peace, no safety in the country. There was no means to pay the interest on the bonds issued by the Texan Government for the war of independence. Wars with the Indians never came to an end. Foreign nations treated the new State with contempt. Desperadoes only sought it as a home. These miseries becoming at length too grievous to be borne, the leading men of Texas, with General Houston at their head, sought admission to the Union, and after a long struggle carried their point. The last act of President Tyler's career as President was to sign an Act admitting Texas to the Union. This Act bound the United States to pay the Texan debt—some $10,000,000; to keep the Indians in check, at a cost of some $2,500,000 annually; and to take the further measures which brought on the Mexican war. In return, Texas agreed to enter the Union as an independent State, with the reservation, however—which was not suspected at the time—that she would secede when she pleased.

In the year 1844, when Texas was admitted, General Houston was chosen to the United States Senate. He held his seat in that body some fifteen years, and was always a useful member, not given to long speeches, and scrupulously tender of his colleagues' feelings.

Two years ago he was elected Governor of Texas. He fills the post still; and, if the newspaper reports are to be credited, he is by no means the facile tool of the disunionist Convention which seems to have been expected. An irrepressible conflict between him and the secessionists seems to be impending; if it comes on, we may rely upon it Governor Houston will give a good account of himself.

Governor Houston is a man of very simple habits and genial manners. He eats no flesh and drinks no wine. His ordinary dinner is a plate of oranges or other fruit, and a glass of milk. One of his many peculiarities, which used to form the subject of conversation at Washington, was his habit of whittling. When he took his seat in the Senate, a page always appeared bearing a fagot of small pine sticks, which he laid respectfully beside the hero of San Jacinto. One of these the Senator soon seized, and began unconsciously to whittle. If the debate was dull the Senatorial knife traveled slowly, and exquisite little images were carved out of the stick to serve as mementoes to lady friends. If, on the contrary, the debate waxed warm, the knife worked nervously and quickly, and stick after stick fell in their shavings around the desk, until the whole fagot disappeared.

Very few Senators were so personally popular at Washington as Senator Houston.

THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

We publish on page 205 an accurate drawing of the great Fifteen-inch Gun at Fort Monroe, Virginia; and also a picture, from a recent sketch, showing the experiments which are being made with a view to test it. It is proper that we should say that the small drawing is from the lithograph which is published in Major Barnard's "Notes on Sea-Coast Defense," published by Mr. D. Van Nostrand, of this city.

This gun was cast at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by Knapp, Rudd, & Co., under the directions of Captain T. J. Rodman, of the Ordnance Corps. Its dimensions are as follows:

Total length	190	inches.
Length of calibre of bore	150	"
Length of ellipsoidal chamber	9	"
Total length of bore	165	"
Maximum exterior diameter	48	"

Distance between rimbases	48	inches.
Diameter at muzzle	25	“
Thickness of metal behind the chamber	25	“
Thickness at junction of bore with chamber	16½	“
Thickness at muzzle	5	“
Weight of gun	49.100	

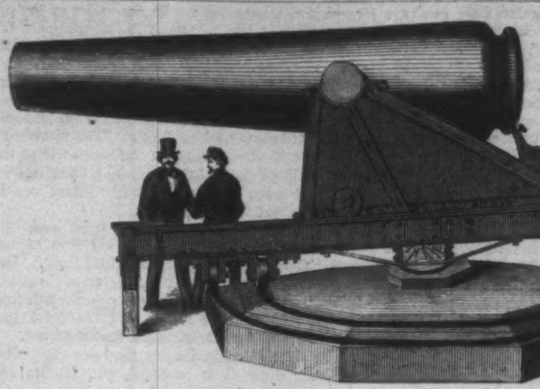
This gun is usually loaded with 35 pounds of large-grained powder, which projects shells of 305 to 335 pounds weight. A solid shot for a gun of this size would weigh 425 pounds. The following table will show the range of the gun with the shells above-mentioned, at various elevations:

At 6° elevation (and 35 pounds powder), 2017, 1937, 1902, 1892, and 1873 yards.

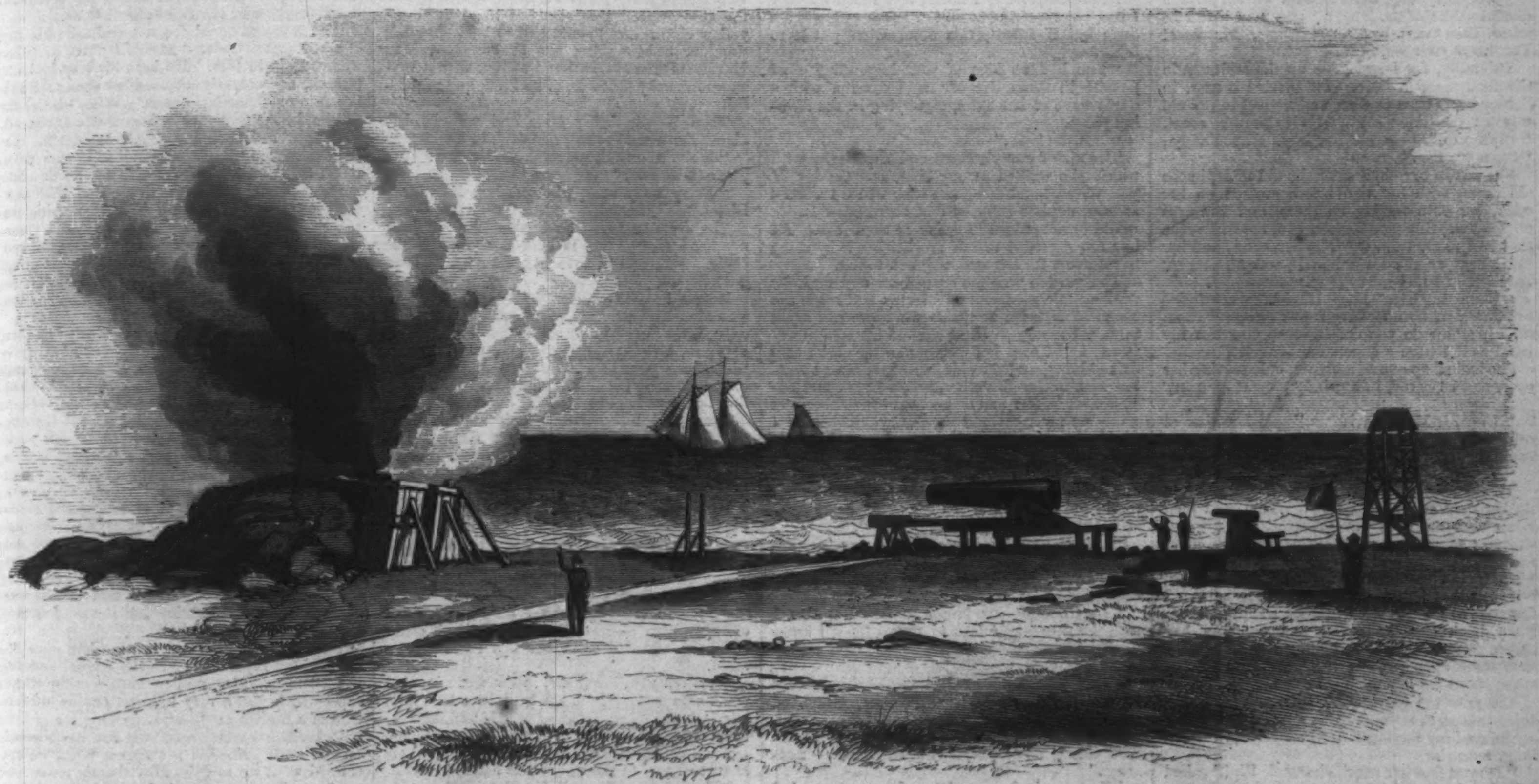
At 10° elevation (and 40 pounds powder), 2700, 2900, 2751, and 2760 yards.

At 28° 35′ elevation (and 50 pounds powder), 5298, 4950, and 5375 yards.

Major Barnard thinks that at 39° elevation, and 40 pounds powder, a range considerably beyond 4 miles might be attained.



THE FIFTEEN-INCH COLUMBIAD.



TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist.]

The events of the past few weeks have unfortunately directed no small share of public attention to the subject of coast defenses, and Major Barnard's able refutation of Sir Howard Douglas's fallacies in relation to land fortifications have been much discussed. The state of the controversy may be briefly summed up. The Crimean War proved the worthlessness of wooden ships as opposed to land-batteries, when properly manned and worked. Accordingly, at the conclusion of that war, fighting nations began to think of arming their vessels of war with iron plates: the result of that movement is to be seen in the new iron-clad ships *Warrior* and *La Gloire*, of which we published engravings in a recent number. It is demonstrated that the old cannon carrying 24-pound, 32-pound, and 42-pound balls and shells produce no impression upon vessels of this class. But it is also admitted that even such iron-clad vessels as *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* could not withstand shots fired from 10, 11, and 15 inch guns. Hence it follows that, if our forts are to be placed in a condition to resist the assault of iron-clad ships, they must be armed with cannon of the class which we now illustrate. To convince the public of this truth has been a constant effort with such distinguished soldiers as Major Barnard.

One difficulty with regard to big guns has arisen from the fact that guns beyond a certain calibre (found by experience to be 10 inches) are deficient in strength when cast in the usual way—viz., in one single piece, and afterward bored out. This difficulty was obviated by Captain Rodman, in the case of the 15-inch Columbiad at Fort Monroe, by casting the gun hollow, and cooling it from the interior by introducing a stream of water into the core. In England, the new guns of great calibre are cast in several pieces.

It is to be hoped that no time will be lost by our Government in acting upon the successful experiments of the past, and in providing our forts with guns which can overmatch the iron plates of the navies of foreign nations.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Betimes in the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a going and the cold hearths a blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clew by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth, such as it is. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover can not be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me than if I had devoutly and conventionally believed her to be human perfection.

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the bell with an unsteady hand I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side-door open and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then to find myself confronted by a man in a sober gray dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Orlick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps toward the house. "Here I am!"

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, young master, I suppose?"

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come here some time since you left."

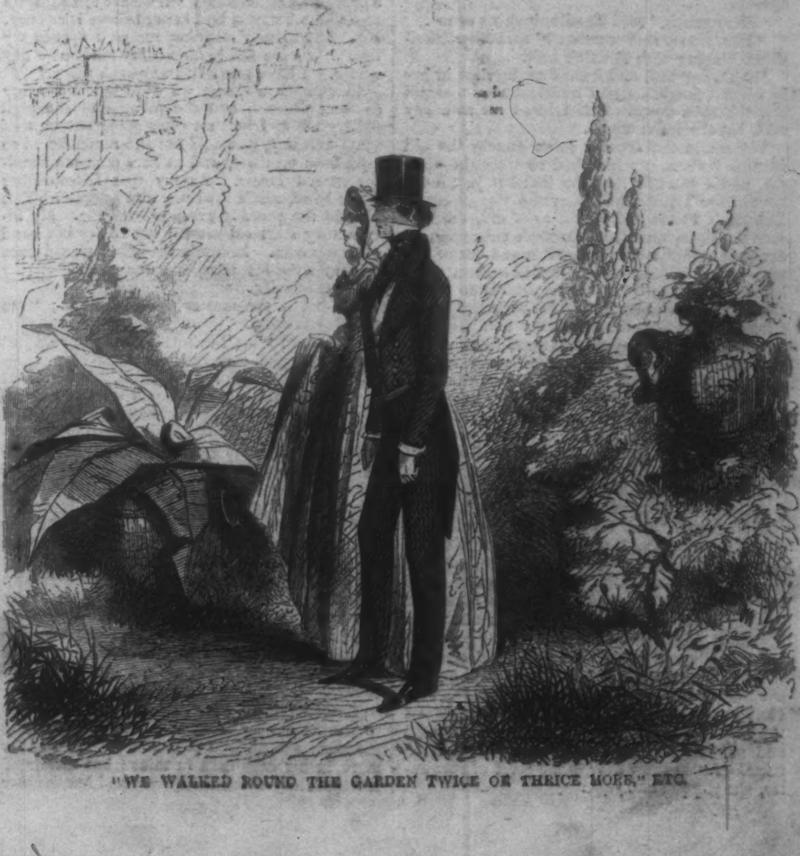
"I could have told you that, Orlick."

"Ah!" said he, dryly. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

By this time we had come to the house where I found his room to be one just within the side-door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on the wall, to which he now added the gate key, and his patchwork-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slovenly, confined, and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse: while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowsing and hammering.—That's loaded, that is."



"WE WALKED ROUND THE GARDEN TWICE OR THRICE MORE," ETC.

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass-bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Burn me if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders ends here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

"I am expected, I believe?"

"Burn me twice over if I can say!" said he.

Upon that I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell sound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket, who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, Sir?"

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped in my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room. "Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"Come in, Pip," Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip; how do you do, Pip? so you kiss my hand as if I were a queen, eh?—Well?"

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated, in a grimly playful manner,

"Well?"

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. Oh the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the inaccessibility that came about her!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham with her greedy look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old—"

"What? You are not going to say, into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insulting, and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said, confusedly, that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is *he* changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lured me on.

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I learned that she had but just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and willful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Truly it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hankerings after money and gentility that had disturbed my boyhood—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had raised her face in the glowing fire, struck it out of the iron on the anvil, extracted it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away. In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

It was settled that I should stay there all the rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London to-morrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden; on our coming in by-and-by, she said I should wheel her about a little as in times of yore.

So Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshiping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshiping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said:

"I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day: but I did, and I enjoyed it very much."

"You rewarded me very much."

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. "I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that he should be brought here to pester me with his company."

"We are great friends now," said I.

"Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

"Yes."

I made the admission with reluctance, for it seemed to have a boyish look, and she already treated me more than enough like a boy.

"Since your change of fortune and prospects you have changed your companions," said Estella.

"Naturally," said I.

"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty tone; "what was fit company for you once would be quite unfit company for you now."

In my conscience I doubt very much whether I had any lingering intention left of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune in those times?" said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the fighting times.

"Not the least."

The air of completeness and superiority with which she walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and deference with which I walked at hers, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for her and assigned to her.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice we came out again into the brewery-yard. I showed her to a nicety where I had seen her walking on the casks, that first old day, and she said, with a cold and careless look in that direction, "Did I?" I reminded her where she had come out of the house and given me my meat and drink, and she said, "I don't remember." "Not remember that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said she, and shook her head and looked about her. I verily believe that her not remembering, and not minding in the least, made me cry again inwardly—and that is the sharpest crying of all.

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart—if that has any thing to do with my memory."

I got through some jargon to the effect that I took the liberty of doubting that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty without it.

"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—nonsense."

What *was* it that was borne in upon my mind when she stood still and looked attentively at me? Any thing that I had seen in Miss Havisham? No. In some of her looks and gestures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have been acquired by children from grown persons with whom they have been much associated and secluded, and which, when childhood is past, will produce a remarkable occasional likeness of expression between faces that are otherwise quite different. And yet I could not trace this to Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though she was still looking at me, the suggestion was gone.

What *was it?*

"I am serious," said Estella, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my tenderness any where. I have never had any such thing."

In another moment we were in the brewery so long disused, and she pointed to the high gallery where I had seen her going out on that same first day, and told me she remembered to have been up there, and to have seen me standing scared below. As my eyes followed her white hand, again the same dim suggestion that I could not possibly grasp crossed me. My involuntary start occasioned her to lay her hand upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once more, for the last time, and was gone.

What *was it?*

"What is the matter?" said Estella; "are you scared again?"

"I should be, if I believed what you said just now," I replied, to turn it off.

"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, at any rate. Miss Havisham will soon be expecting you at your old post, though I think that might be laid aside now, with other old belongings. Let us make one more round of the garden, and then go in. Come! You shall not shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder."

Her handsome dress had trailed upon the ground. She held it in one hand now, and with the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the ruined garden twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the chinks of the old wall had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

There was no discrepancy of years between us to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the age told for more in her case than in mine; but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her, tormented me in the midst of my delight, and at the height of the assurance I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another. Wretched boy!

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business and would come back to dinner. The old wintry branches of chandeliers, in the room where the mouldering table was spread, had been lighted while we were out, and Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me.

It was like pushing the chair itself back into the past, when we began the old slow circuit round about the ashes of the bridal feast. But in the funereal room, with that figure of the grave fallen back in the chair fixing its eyes upon her, Estella looked more bright and beautiful than before. I was under stronger enchantment.

The time so melted away that our early dinner-hour drew close at hand, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered arms stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was, of its kind, quite dreadful.

Then Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said, in a whisper,

"Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?"

"Every body must who sees her, Miss Havisham."

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. "Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?"

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all) she repeated, "Love her, love her, love her! If she favors you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!"

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

"Hear me, Pip! I adopted her, to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!"

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love—despair—revenge—dire death—it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did!"

When she came to that, and to a desperate cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and wildly struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the wall and fallen dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding his pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye, he said plainly by a momentary and silent pause in that attitude, "Indeed? Singular!" and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like every body else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. "(How do you do, Pip? Shall I give you a ride, Miss Havisham? Once round?) And so you are here, Pip?"

I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham had wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trowsers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

"Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop.

"How often?"

"Ah! How many times? Ten thousand times?"

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

"Twice?"

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

"I considered, and said, "Never."

"And never will, Pip," he retorted, with a frowning smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and lays hands then on such food as she takes."

"Pray, Sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name. Is it Havisham, or ——?" I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presided, Estella sat opposite to him, I faced my green and yellow friend. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for any thing I know, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well acquainted with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

Any thing to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his very looks to himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's face once during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket greener and yellower, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made it appear that he extorted—and even did extort, though I don't know how—those references out of my innocent self.

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He cross-examined his very wine when he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted the port, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at the port again, smelled it, tried it, drank it, filled again, and cross-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to be telling him something to my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly thought I would start conversation; but whenever he saw me going to ask him any thing he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if requesting me to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

I think Miss Pocket was conscious that the sight of me involved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a muslin mop—and strewing the ground with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on *her* head. She did not appear when we afterward went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a wild way, had put some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and about her bosom and waist; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his thick eyebrows, and raise them a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter and color in it.

Of the manner and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with mean little cards at the ends of hands, before which the glory of our Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in the light of three very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings toward Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him wash his hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—it was, that my feelings should be in the same place with him—*that*, was the agonizing circumstance.

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forewarned of her coming and should meet her at the coach; and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

My guardian lay at the Boar, in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" thousands of times. Then a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought, if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me? When should I awaken the heart within her that was mute and sleeping now?

Ah me! I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was any thing low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemptuous of him. It was but a day gone, and Joe had brought the tears into my eyes; they had soon dried, God forgive me! soon dried.

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